The Outlook

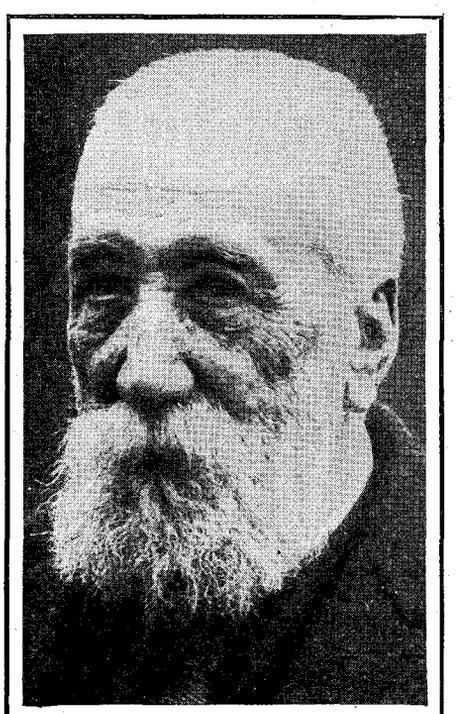
Volume 138 October 22, 1924 Number 8

Anatole France

THE pen-name of Jacques Anatole Thibaut, who died in Tours on October 12, was so much better known than that bestowed upon him eighty years ago by his father, the bookseller, that, as in the case of Mark Twain, it seems a part of his personality as well as of his literary renown.

Anatole France seems to have imbibed some of his literary taste and delicate art of style in his earliest days from the writers, critics, and readers who frequented the old-fashioned book-shop he played in as a child. At all events, he began to write, and in one case to publish, when he was a mere boy, but there are indications that his real literary self-education began only after his academic studies ceased. Somehow he acquired a manner of writing which has often been called classic, but was not the least stiff or formal, as that term might imply, but smooth-flowing, gentle, and marked by clarity rather than by passion. He wrote without haste, and with every evidence of enjoying the process of writing. That he produced a large quantity, filling many volumes, was due to his long literary activity rather than to haste in production. Probably more than most French authors he suffered from translation, not because he was involved or cryptic, but because he was a master of fine shades of meaning and euphony of language.

Most people have read Anatole France's story "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" (an early production and the one that first attracted attention to his abilities) and his "Petit Pierre," and perhaps his play "Thais," for in these the story element is (for him) strongly to the front; but, although there is an excellent and well-translated edition of his works published here, it is doubtful whether the mass of general readers in America have any adequate idea of the extent and variety of his writing. He was not essentially a novelist; at heart he was a critic; he loved also to write character sketches in which his powers of light irony and satirical philosophy could have full play. It has been said that he deliberately invented a story form without visible structure. Structure or no structure, everything he wrote—essays, plays, stories, sketches—was unmistakably imbued with the author's personal tinge of view. In an article by Professor Brander Matthews, published in The Outlook some years ago, it was said of Anatole



Wide World Photos

Anatole France

France that "his workmanship is impeccable even when his subject is abhorrent," that "his writing is always delightful even if it is often disconcerting," that he "understands everything—except perhaps those very commonplace virtues which sustain the social fabric," and that "he is master of an incomparable style, melodious and harmonious, musical and picturesque."

In our Book Table this week will be found a review by Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice of a recently published Life of Anatole France. The review contains an interesting account of his personal and literary history.

The President on Business

NO American need be in doubt as to President Coolidge's views concerning the relation between Government and business. In his speech delivered on October 11 by radio to 10,000 employees and officers of a great American business concern (the H. J. Heinz Company, of Pittsburgh) assembled for dinner in some seventy cities of the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, he proclaimed a doctrine which has every right to the title of "progressive." The circumstances of the occasion, one not only impossible but inconceivable a few years ago, furnished an illustration for his statement that "we need day by day to gird ourselves for more speed merely to keep pace with our own progress." Unlike some who call themselves Progressives, the President's attitude was one not of despair but of expectancy, not of suspicion but of faith. And he gave good reason for the faith that was in him.

Referring to current speculations as to the danger from man's rapid advance in command over material things, he found "reassurance in the fact that man has thus far contrived always to keep himself superior to his creations."

President Coolidge thereupon specified the progress made in the process of Governmental regulation of business without Governmental participation in business. Twenty years ago the Government was trying to prevent railway combinations; now it is fostering such combinations. The difference is a difference in both the attitude of business and the attitude of government. The old theory of unrestrained competition had its trial and failed. Then came the period when business men had to be convinced that Government must have the right of control and regulation. That was a period of struggle which made it necessary for the Government to invoke extreme measures. Now, however, "business with quite impressive unanimity has admitted that the attitude of the public was correct and justified;" and in consequence the Government has responded. It is now settled that the Government must be supreme over its creatures. But the President added:

> The people of America have been and are determined to own and control exclusively their own Government. As a preliminary to the maintenance of their supremacy over their Government they propose to keep the control and ownership of their own property. They know that when the Government

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begins to own the property it begins to own the people. They want all these powers in their own hands.

We wish that the President's speech might be read by all citizens. In particular it should be read by those who think that it is the essence of progress to keep alive old issues and ignore those that are new. The Government is master of its creatures. That is settled. What needs to be settled is that it shall not under any guise—Socialistic or other—be the master of its creators.

"Slush Fund" Charges

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, speaking at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on October 7, charged that the Republicans are raising a "slush fund" of $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 to be used in an effort to buy the election. He did not reveal a very substantial basis for his charge. He cited a Washington despatch to the New York "Times" saying that a conference had been held in which Chairman Butler of the Republican National Committee and W. T. Mellon participated and that the Pennsylvania quota of the fund was fixed at $600,000. He read a circular letter signed by Joseph R. Grundy appealing for contributions for Republican campaign purposes. He made the deduction that if the Pennsylvania quota is $600,000, New York will contribute at least $1,000,000 and the rest of the East enough to bring the total up to $5,000,000 at least.

On the same day that he made the charges in his speech Senator La Follette sent a telegram to Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures, asking him immediately to call the Committee together, to issue subpœnas for Butler and others, and thoroughly to "investigate the plans of the Republican National Committee to buy the election." (Senator Borah has since said that he would call the Committee together.)

On the following day Chairman Butler issued a denial of La Follette's charges. The Republican campaign is being run, he said, at the President's request, on a strict budget basis, and no deficit will be incurred. He called upon La Follette to reveal the size of his own campaign fund, and charged that the La Follette management is receiving money from the Democratic management in a conspiracy to throw the election into the House of Representatives. He used the opportunity, saying he was glad La Follette had given it to him, to appeal to Republicans for liberal contributions to insure the election of Coolidge and to prevent the throwing of the election into the House.

For the first time, machinery is ready set up for investigating National campaign expenditures while the campaign is in progress. Whether putting the machinery in motion will be the part of wisdom is a question. No responsible man will for a moment deny that the use of money for buying elections is evil, but there is no evidence that any such effort is being made. The managers of every one of the candidates for President now before the people could probably use legitimately many times more money than that which they will have to spend. The cost of political campaigns necessarily increases as the democratic principle is extended.

The making of unfounded and irresponsible charges of corrupt motives is an influence quite as evil as corruption itself. Political campaigns and government itself can never be kept wholly clean while such charges and insinuations are lightly made.

Will the Investigators Be Investigated?

ANOTHER queer and, of course, ugly twist has been given the Daugherty investigation episode. Daniel F. Steck, Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Iowa, has charged that the testimony of Roxie Stinson was "fixed" and has started a petition to the Attorney-General of the United States to investigate the Wheeler investigating committee. A member of the party which thus far has used the Daugherty investigation as political capital appears as the defender of Daugherty. This, to be sure, was brought about by political exigency, Steck being the opponent of Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Insurgent Republican, who was chairman of the Daugherty committee.

Steck's charges are based on an affidavit made by A. L. Fink, of Buffalo, New York. Fink's affidavit was to the effect that Roxie Stinson was induced by Senators Wheeler and Brookhart to concoct the story she told the committee, though Wheeler at least knew it was not true. He says that the woman was given whisky as one means of inducing her to agree to the story, and that she was promised by Wheeler large profits from speculations in Wall Street. He says that he himself was promised the position of Internal Revenue Collector at Buffalo and that his attorney was promised a Federal judgeship for their part in "framing up" Miss Stinson's story.

Both Senator Wheeler and Miss Stinson promptly denied that there is any truth in the Fink statement. Even without denial by anybody, it might be recognized as a statement not worthy of acceptance without discount. But it is another indication of the sort of people used in the Daugherty investigation, and it throws at least a side-light upon the methods to which that committee resorted.

Ford Withdraws from Muscle Shoals

HENRY Ford has withdrawn his offer for Muscle Shoals, saying that what should have been a simple matter of business has become a complicated political affair, that he is in business and not in politics, and that he has developed the power resources of his enterprises within the past two years by other means. He says, in the interview in "Collier's" announcing the withdrawal of his offer, that he still has in it the interest of a citizen for a great public resource. He declares that it must not be broken up, but operated for the benefit of the country. He thinks it might be successfully operated by army engineers, but his judgment is that the President's plan of operation by an impartial commission is best.

Probably Mr. Ford is more nearly right in withdrawing his offer than he was in making it. There are many who believe that the Ford offer constituted the best means of operating Muscle Shoals for the benefit of the whole people. Many others, The Outlook among them, believe that the public interest was not properly safeguarded in the Ford offer.

Certainly, as Mr. Ford says, breaking up of the Muscle Shoals property must not be permitted. It is the greatest potential source of power in America, Niagara alone excepted, and that only barely its equal. Muscle Shoals must be used as a National resource, with no more of private profit than is necessary to secure the public benefit. The Nation must be safeguarded by it as a great source of nitrate for war purposes. The farmers must be served by it as a means of fertilizer production. Industrial users of electric power must be served by it, and yet none of these should be in a manner to prejudice the rights of the others.

Here is no simple question at best. But it is made, we believe, a less compli-

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What late misfortune has befallen?

(3 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 4)

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

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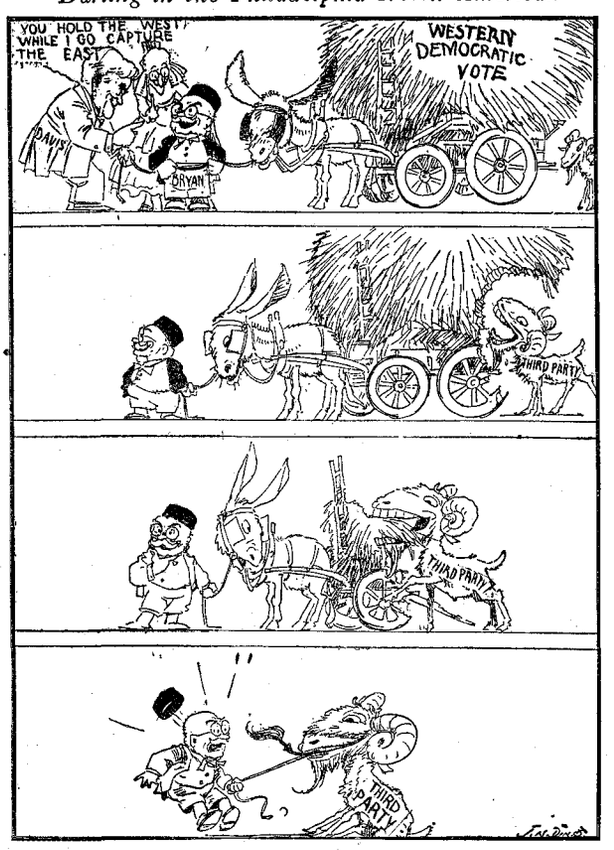
Did you ever see such enthusiasm?

From Harold Straw, Torresdale, Pennsylvania

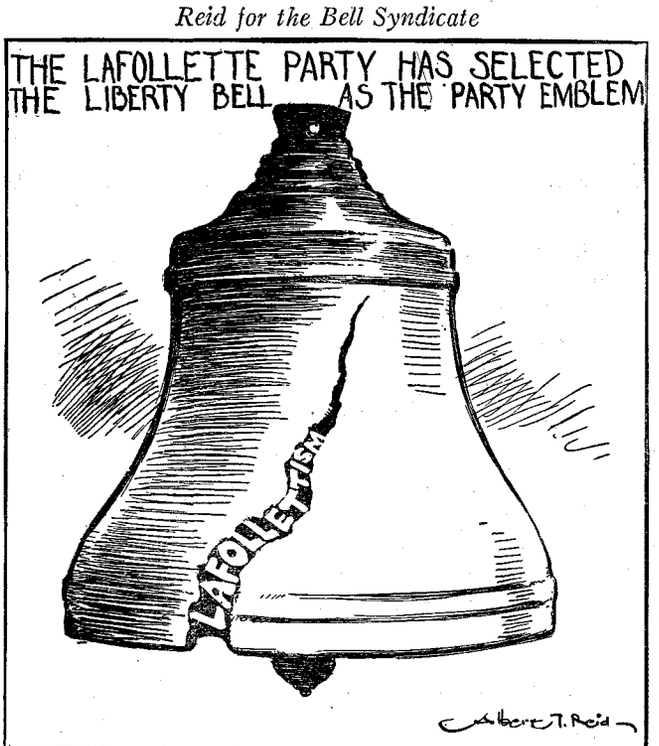
Darling in the Philadelphia North American



Brother Charley holds the West

From Mrs. J. P. Lyon, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

Reid for the Bell Syndicate



(C) The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 1924

Let us hope it will be brought out clear

Knott in the Dallas News

An inexperienced hand goes milking

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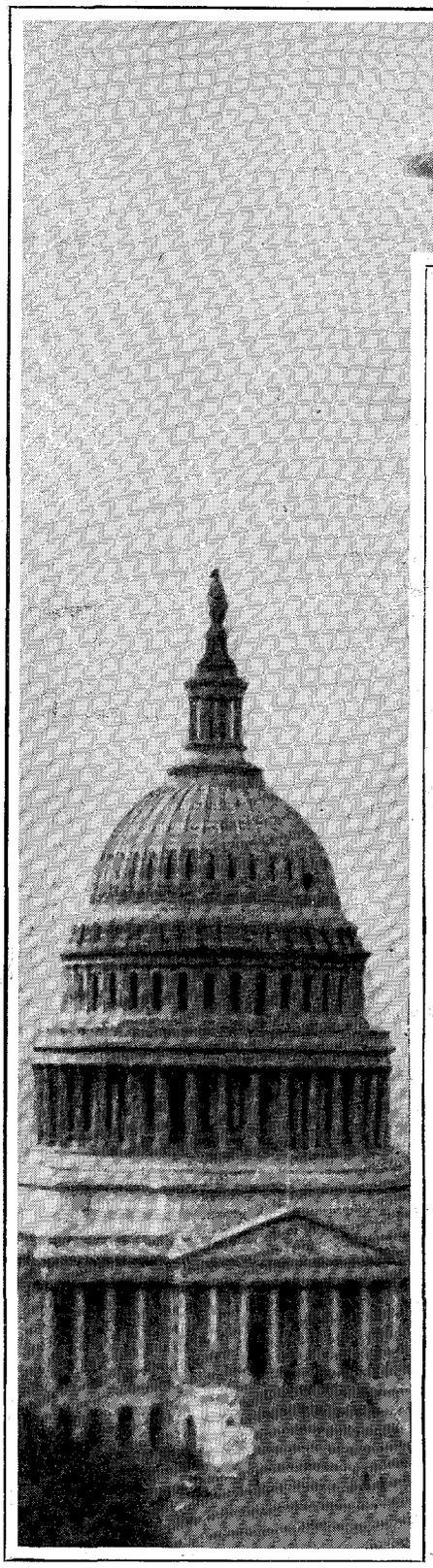


P. & A. Photos

The Shenandoah flying over the National Capitol on her way to the Pacific Coast

cated question by the withdrawal of the Ford offer.

The Flight of the ZR-3

By noon of Tuesday of last week the new American giant dirigible, the ZR-3, had reached in her flight a point over the Atlantic about fifteen hundred miles due east of the destination at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Her course had been, the wireless then said, deflected from the original route, which would pass over the Bermudas, on account of strong winds blowing from the southwest. Every indication then was that the ZR-3 would be at her new home the next day. This is the longest of all the flights across the Atlantic. It is a remarkable illustration of the possibilities of long-distance sailing by these monsters of the air.

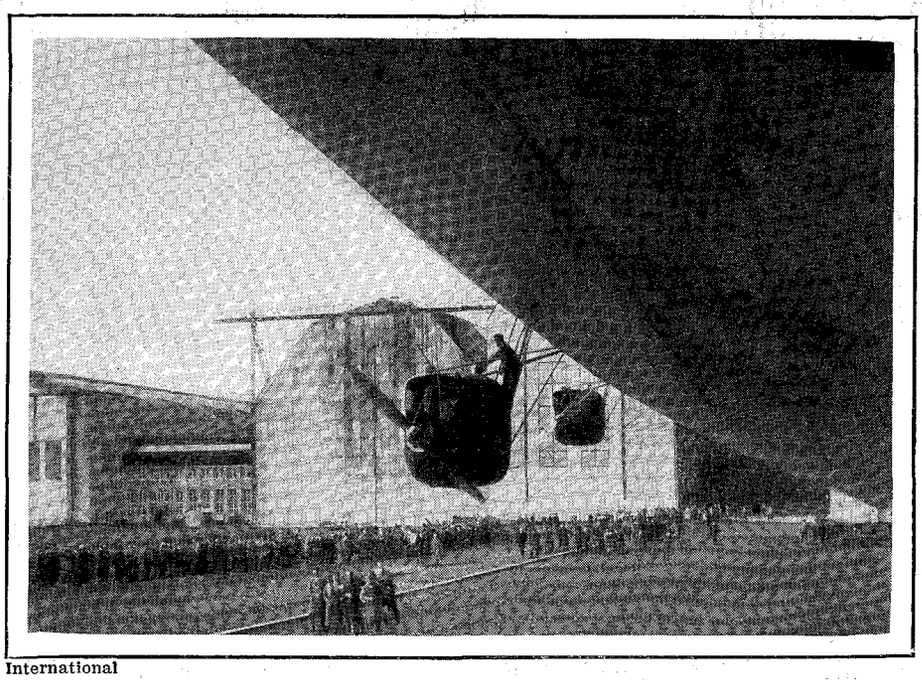
The distinction between the Shenandoah and the ZR-3 as to type is that the former has been described as a military laboratory designed for experiment and the development of the theory and practice of the big dirigible; whereas the ZR-3, a little shorter, but wider, has been planned and equipped with a view to carrying a fairly large number of persons and a considerable weight in the form of cargo, thus opening, it is hoped, the way to the use of this type of airship for the carrying of passengers and freight.

The ZR-3 was built by the German Government without cost to the United States in place of two much smaller airships which should have been delivered to the United States but were improperly destroyed at their moorings by Germans. The German Government was all the more ready to comply with this just demand because it evidently wishes to keep a-going the industry of building Zeppelins.

The ZR-3 left Friedrichshafen on the morning of October 12, passing over Bordeaux into the Bay of Biscay that afternoon, and her wireless signals when she flew over the Azores at half-past nine on Monday night were picked up by American wireless stations. It was then figured that the entire voyage might be accomplished in seventy-two hours, but the later reports as to the change of route and prevalence of winds made that quite improbable. Some parts of the journey were made at a speed of about sixty-five miles an hour, which would be fast time even for an express train. Her passengers and crew are described as enjoying the comfort of the sleeping and eating accommodations pretty much the same as if they were in a Pullman car. Thirty-two men comprised the total of crew and passengers.

The direction of the flight was in the hands of a German chief, Dr. Eckener, and a German crew, although there were four Americans on board, all of them naval officers.

Meanwhile the Shenandoah continued her seven-thousand-mile trip to the Pacific coast and back to New Jersey after a short delay caused by trouble not of a very serious character.



International

The ZR-3 preparing for her start across the Atlantic—the ground crew helping to bring the dirigible from the hangar at Friedrichshafen

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A Great World Series

It was not only the fans at the decisive seventh game of this year's World Series who were "frenzied," to use the word almost every account employs; the baseball writers themselves for once got ecstatic, not to say hysterical: "Johnson Leaves His Grave," says a headline; "Destiny," says a writer, "waiting for the final curtain, stepped from the wings to-day and handed the king his crown." "From rags to riches, from the gutter to the throne!" exclaims another enthusiast. Well, it surely was a mighty good game and a remarkable series, and they can certainly stand a little dithyrambic writing.

The World Series ended, as it began, with a twelve-innings game (4 to 3 this time), with possibilities of victory wavering back and forth, but with Walter Johnson in the box for the last four innings—a climax to his career that was as dramatic as any sportsman could wish. As one of the already quoted fan-prose-poets wrote of the capital's tribute to its hero:

> Its crashing echoes are still singing out across the stands, across the city, on into the gathering twilight of early autumn shadows. There was never a ball game like this before, never a game with as many thrills and heart throbs strung together in the making of drama that came near tearing away the soul, to leave it limp and sagging, drawn and twisted out of shape.

Equally hearty with the praise bestowed on Johnson is that due "Bucky" Harris, player-manager of the Senators, for his excellent performance at base and bat, and even more for his achievement in welding and handling a marvelous team through friendly incitement and rare human as well as technical judgment. He really was the "hero" of the Series.

We doubt if there ever was a World Series the result of which so pleased the country at large. If there were any wails of disappointment even in the Giants' own city, they were not many or loud. Partly this was because of the cloud of fraud over members of the New York team—a cloud that will remain until the scandal is investigated to the bottom, which no one believes has yet been done; largely it was because of Walter Johnson, "the grand old man"—he is actually thirty-seven, but he has the unique record of having pitched for one major league club for eighteen years; partly it was because it wasn't very exciting to have one big city absorbing so many baseball honors; and finally because, as one fan says, this year it was nerve and vim against big money.

Ten years hence—and that is a long time in baseball—fans in the Washington bleachers will be boasting of having seen the last game of the great World Series of 1924.

Stanley Harris, Manager of the Washington team, getting the glad hand from Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania. Harris comes from Pinchot's State

(C) Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

Buying the Presidency

Senator La Follette has declared what he would undertake to do if he were elected President. His declaration (in particular as made in a speech in Rochester, New York, on October 6) is a pledge to those who support him and a warning to others. A part of the policy he announces is National in its scope—reconstruction of the Federal Reserve and Federal Farm Loan Systems, a new and "permanent" transportation policy (including a "study" of public ownership of railroads), a National super-power system, development of co-operative marketing, and control of trusts. But a part of Senator La Follette's policy is directed to groups or classes of citizens and is obviously designed to gain their favor.

To the World War veterans he makes an offer of cash. He evidently believes that these men who served their country in time of danger are willing to forget or ignore his record during the war, and will accept money at his hands from the public treasury as a price for their votes. That it is an offer of cash he makes is clear from his language, for he promises to recommend repeal of what he calls the "tombstone bonus" and to substitute "genuine adjusted compensation." This can only mean money.

To Civil and Spanish War veterans he likewise promises more money—increased pensions.

To postal employees he holds out the lure of higher salaries.

To railway employees he offers the prospect of advantages in power through the enactment of legislation which, both by removing restrictions against strikes and by holding out the threat of Gov-

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ernment ownership, would justify hope of higher pay.

To farmers he pledges "relief," which they well understand as higher prices for their products.

We say that these promises constitute a warning, for such it is to those who wish democracy preserved from its dangers. And there is no danger which democracy faces greater than that of the destruction of public spirit by the distribution of governmental doles. No people can remain free who become the willing wards of their own government. A self-governing people, like any other sovereign, must be on their guard against the courtier who would tempt them to use the power of taxation for any other than a public purpose. For such doles as office-seekers are too ready to promise to the people must come from all who pay taxes. If those who receive these doles are themselves taxed, where is the benefit? And if they are not taxed, then the proposal is that one set of people shall vote the taxes and receive a part of them as gratuity while another set of people shall pay them.

Those who value democracy most highly will be most alert to defend it against its peculiar perils. What these perils are no political writer has seen more clearly or described more cogently than W. E. H. Lecky. In his book on "Democracy and Liberty" he writes:

> The demagogue will try to persuade the voter that by following a certain line of policy every member of his class will obtain some advantage. He will encourage all his utopias. He will hold out hopes that by breaking contracts, or shifting taxation and the power of taxing, or enlarging the paternal functions of government, something of the property of one class may be transferred to another.

And in a later passage Lecky makes clear the connection between confiscatory taxation and the over-extension of government:

> The objections to the vast extension of state regulations and of state subsidies are very many. There is, in the first place, what may be called the argument of momentum, which Herbert Spencer has elaborated with consummate skill and force.[1] It is absolutely certain that, when this system is largely adopted, it will not remain within the limits which those who adopted it intended. It will advance with an accelerated rapidity; every concession becomes a precedent or basis for another step, till the habit is fully formed of looking on all occasions for state assistance or restriction, and till a weight of taxation and debt has been accumulated from which the first advocates of the movement would have shrunk with horror. There is the weakening of private enterprise and philanthropy; a lowered sense of individual responsibility; diminished love of freedom; the creation of an increasing army of officials, regulating in all its departments the affairs of life; the formation of a state of society in which vast multitudes depend for their subsistence on the bounty of the state. All this cannot take place without impairing the springs of self-reliance, independence, and resolution, without gradually enfeebling both the judgment and the character. It produces also a weight of taxation which, as the past experience of the world abundantly shows, may easily reach a point that means national ruin. An undue proportion of the means of the individual is forcibly taken from him by the state, and much of it is taken from the most industrious and saving, for the benefit of those who have been idle or improvident. Capital and industry leave a country where they are extravagantly burdened and have ceased to be profitable, and even the land itself has often been thrown out of cultivation on account of the weight of an excessive taxation.

[1] "The Man versus the State."

This is not mere theory. In 1799 a law in France was passed based on the notion that, as Madelin in his book on the French Revolution puts it, taxation was "a bleeding process applied to the purses of the rich, and we may even say *a penalty* inflicted on acquired fortunes." The result, as Madelin describes it, was that, while luxury was cut down, work stopped, the informer flourished, the rich left Paris, the workmen had no work to do, and, to crown all, the big fortunes escaped. A cabinetmaker said: "They have spared me six *livres* of forced loan, but they have cost me sixty by frightening away my customers!" The registration and stamp departments brought in nothing, as all business ceased. As one person at the time expressed it, "This may be called killing the laying hen." In three months the Councils had to repeal this so-called "democratic tax." The repeal came too late; for in two days Bonaparte, backed by financiers whom the Councils had tried to bleed, delivered his *coup d'état* and became the ruler of France.

In the United States in this year of grace 1924, a hundred and twenty-five years after the disastrous experiment in France, we find a party—or factions that may solidify into a party—grouped about the idea that only that taxation is defensible by which money is to be taken from the rich and distributed to the less well-to-do.

No individual, no corporation, has power comparable to the taxing power of the Government. No individual, no corporation, has wealth even distantly approaching the wealth at the command of the Government. If the Presidency is purchasable, as some declare it to be, no man, no corporation, could outbid the man or group of men who by securing votes in exchange for doles could command the Government's taxing power and control the wealth in the Government's treasury.

Whether any of those who are associated with Mr. La Follette have any such design or not we do not know; we do not say they have, but the effect of their policy is the same as if they had.

It is time for democracy to be on guard.

The Political Slacker

MR. DAVIS, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, commented in an address the other day on the danger to this country from the non-exercise of the suffrage in these words: "What it means, if it grows as it has been growing, is that our elections will not be determined by a majority of the qualified voters or even by a majority of a majority, but actually by a majority of a minority."

President Coolidge, at about the same time, emphasized the vital importance of every citizen's being interested in political affairs by saying, in effect, that he was not one of those who regarded the Government as a thing to be imposed from above upon the people, but as the people's own effort to conduct its own affairs. In other ways the problem of the indolent or ignorant shirker of the duty of suffrage is now very much to the front. One newspaper service company, for instance, sends us a circular relating to its purpose to institute a National, non-partisan campaign to get voters to the polls, and states that it is indorsed by all three of the chief candidates for the Presidency and by men prominent in the business, labor, and religious worlds.

The facts are startling, even when many proper allowances are made. In the election of 1920 the figures given show that out of 52,418,895 persons qualified to vote only a little more than half, or, to speak exactly, 26,713,832, actually did get to the polls. The Census of 1920 gives the number of all persons

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in the United States who are twenty-one years of age or over as 60,886,520. Of course there are very large deductions to be made from that number—aliens, Negroes not actually voting, prisoners and insane, and other classes who have no legal right to vote; and even from the figures as to persons who are legal voters there must also be large deductions made for those who for one perfectly good reason or another find it impractical to vote at a given election. That there has been an increase in the proportion of non-voters is undoubtedly true. Thus, if we compare the vote of 1920 with the vote of 1908, the proportion of those over twenty-one who did not vote is about 55 per cent in the first case and 43 per cent in the second case. This is probably, in part at least, explained by the fact that the election of 1920 was the first in which women voted; whether or not women in the long run will vote in as large proportion as the men do, it could hardly be expected that in their first exercise of National suffrage they would equal the men in the percentage of votes cast.

There cannot be any question as to the civic importance of the full exercise of the suffrage. If a democracy is to be such in any complete sense, the individual must take his part in the choice of representatives and the determining of great issues. To suggest an adequate remedy for the effort is not so easy. We have been interested in attempts made in this direction under the auspices of a Michigan newspaper, the Grand Rapids "Press." This journal propounded to its readers the questions, How shall we regain government by the people? How shall we get out our full voting strength at primary and election? Prizes were offered for the best answers, and the specific solutions offered in the prize-winning articles are many. That of the first prize winner was: "Train the people of America to govern themselves by establishing in our schools laboratories of self-government and political knowledge."

Other contestants would offer a reward to voters, and more than one proposed to do this by first imposing a poll tax and then returning the tax money, in whole or in part, to the voter when he presented a certificate that he had cast his ballot. One contestant said: "Adopt the Belgian system of compulsory universal registration and proportional representation." Others wanted to tag the voters, "I Have Voted," or to give tax benefits to towns or precincts casting the largest proportionate vote; or to make voting day a day of public patriotic exercises; or greatly to extend the privilege of voting by mail. The specific suggestion made by Mr. Davis in the speech to which we have alluded was in favor of a shorter ballot and as few elections as possible.

Freak suggestions in the Michigan prize contest were plentiful: One man proposed to hand every voter a five-dollar bill; a woman declared that an ox roast for men and a bargain counter for women would bring out the vote; one man would have a lottery run at the polls, the prizes to be decided by numbers on the ballot; another says, "Let people vote over the 'phone."

One doubts whether this kind of evil can be cured by hard and fast schemes, still less so by drastic proposals such as that non-voters should be fined or should be escorted to the polls and compelled to vote. We do not want either to bribe or penalize the non-voter, but to convert him from being a slacker.

The delinquency is mainly because of mental and moral slackness, and the remedy must come through persistent and insistent preaching of the value and importance of the privilege and duty of voting. As one writer in the contest which we have described says: "The disease is organic; the remedy must be organic. No superficial soothing syrups will suffice in the long run."

Every effort available should be brought into play to educate American men and women in self-government, but they must also be aroused to the basic fact that government is at bottom a committee chosen by the people to carry on the people's affairs. Efficient results can be had only when every partner in the great firm exercises his intelligence and will power to see that the firm's business is carried on in an honest and intelligent fashion.

The Moderate Man

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

WHAT is the place of the moderate man in the scheme of things?

The Standard Dictionary defines a moderate as "a person of moderate views, opinions, or practices, especially in politics or religion." Certainly a moderate has a difficult time in a Presidential campaign. His type of mind leads him to see the defects and the virtues of both sides, so that his passion or enthusiasm for either is frequently dampened and subdued. If we are to regard life as a battle in which no quarter is to be given to opponents in business, literature, education, religion, or politics, then the case of the moderate man is hard indeed, for warfare cannot be waged moderately. In war those who are not for us are against us. This is as undeniable to-day as when it was first said by the Prince of Peace nineteen hundred years ago. It was Emerson, I think, who once remarked, "If you strike a king, you must kill him." And so in all the great revolutionary crises of history the moderate men, who in times of peace are generally the most comfortable and often the most useful citizens of the community, have been the targets of the bitter contestants of both sides. Their fate is to be despised as mugwumps or Tories!

These observations have been suggested by some recent reading in the biographical and historical literature relating to the American Revolution. Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., in his Life of John Adams, says that there were many patriots of that time "who, without being Tories, were yet of a less determined temper" than the leaders who wanted an immediate break with England, "less hopeless of reconciliation, more reluctant to go fast, and dreading nothing so much as an inevitable step towards separation." By these moderates "independence was still spoken of deprecatingly, with awe and bated breath." Even George Washington was a moderate as long as he could consistently and reasonably remain one. After the British troops were quartered in Boston in 1768 he wrote to a friend urging that something should be done to maintain the liberty of Americans and intimating that it might be necessary to defend it by force of arms. "Yet arms," he continued, "I would beg leave to add, should be the last resource, the *dernier ressort*."

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge can hardly be called a moderate. Nevertheless in his able and readable Life of Washington, in the "American Statesmen Series"—a classic in its field—the Intro-

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duction to which is perhaps the best brief essay on the temperament and character of George Washington that has ever been written, he brings out clearly the element of moderation in the mind and spirit of the noblest of all revolutionaries. On June 1, 1774, a year before Washington became Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, the Boston Port Bill went into effect. Among other things it precipitated a struggle between the Virginia Assembly and Lord Dunmore, the royalist Governor of the colony. In telling the story Senator Lodge says: "Washington dined with Lord Dunmore on the evening of that day, rode with him, and appeared at her ladyship's ball the next night, for it was not his way to bite his thumb at men from whom he differed politically, nor to call the motives of his opponents in question. But when the 1st of June arrived, he noted in his diary that he fasted all day and attended the appointed services. He always meant what he said, being of a simple nature, and when he fasted and prayed there was something ominously earnest about it, something that his excellency the governor, who liked the society of this agreeable man and wise counselor, would have done well to consider and draw conclusions from, and which he probably did not heed at all. He might well have reflected, as he undoubtedly failed to do, that when men of the George Washington type fast and pray on account of political misdoings it is well for their opponents to look to it carefully."

There was published last year by the Yale University Press a delightful book entitled "The Journal of a Lady of Quality," which gives an intimate glimpse of the physical, intellectual, and moral trials of some of the moderates, or Tories, in the American Revolution. This "Journal" was discovered, in the course of some historical researches in the British Museum, in manuscript form, and is edited by Evangeline Walker Andrews, formerly of Bryn Mawr College, and her husband, Charles McLean Andrews, now Farnam Professor of American History in Yale University. The "Lady of Quality" was Miss Janet Schaw, of Edinburgh, who made a voyage in 1774 from Scotland to the West Indies, and thence to North Carolina, in what she called a ship, but what was really a little brig of eighty tons. The voyage was full of the most extraordinary sea adventures, but that is another story. I refer to the book now because I want to call attention to this Scotch gentlewoman's view of the American rebels and the crying injustices which, as she believed, the loyalists, or Tories, or moderates of North Carolina suffered. I have the more sympathy with her defense since I have recently been called a Tory myself by a correspondent of The Outlook because I had expressed the desire to see the Supreme Court of the United States reformed with moderation and protested against the proposal to punish it by hanging, drawing, and quartering. For to pass over its supreme function to Congress would certainly be to draw its power and to quarter its influence. I wish I had the time and space to quote Miss Schaw's descriptions of Carolinian scenery, fertility, luxuriance of vegetation, possibilities of wonderful gardening (if the inhabitants were not so indolent and unambitious), and of the appeal which the mocking-bird made to her sense of hearing, and the wild grape (the scuppernong, I suppose) to her sense of taste. Miss Schaw's pen was a facile one, her observation keen, and her human sympathy sensitive. But she could not understand why the colonists wished to discard the protection and guidance of their mother country, where intelligence, capacity, and cultivation of life, she was firmly convinced, had reached their finest flower. Here is her picture of a military review of the "rebels" in Wilmington:

> We came down in the morning in time for the review, which the heat made as terrible to the spectators as to the soldiers, or what you please to call them. They had certainly fainted under it, had not the constant draughts of grog supported them. Their exercise was that of bush-fighting, but it appeared so confused and so perfectly different from anything I ever saw, I cannot say whether they performed it well or not; but this I know, that they were heated with rum till capable of committing the most shocking outrages. We stood in the balcony of Doctor Cobham's house and they were reviewed on a field mostly covered with what are called here scrubby oaks, which are only a little better than brushwood. They at last, however, assembled on the plain field, and I must really laugh while I recollect their figures: 2,000 men in their shirts and trousers, preceded by a very ill-beat drum and a fiddler, who was also in his shirt with a long sword and a cue at his hair, who played with all his might. They made indeed a most unmartial appearance. But the worst figures there can shoot from behind a bush and kill even a General Wolfe.

Miss Schaw was incensed by the treatment of a "poor devil" of an English groom who was threatened with tar and feathers for smiling at the regimental parade above described, but was begged off by some of the officers and "frighted out of his wits, . . . was then drummed and fiddled out of town with a strict prohibition of ever being seen in it again." She was also indignant at the expulsion of a prosperous Scotch merchant, Thomas Macknight by name, who had lived in the colony for nearly eighteen years, achieving both influence and property, but who refused to join in the repudiation of debts to merchants in Great Britain. She was glad to escape "from this land of nominal freedom and real slavery" in great haste and much inconvenience in a ship sailing to Portugal.

It was quite natural, as Mrs. Andrews says, that this cultivated Scotswoman should be shocked and enraged by the disorders which are inevitably stirred up by revolutionary convulsions; "for by temperament and education Miss Schaw detested violence and cruelty, advocated the authority both of the family and the state, and cherished always the good form and courtly manners characteristic of the refined society to which she was accustomed."

Miss Schaw, of course, had no conception of the great and profound forces working in the Revolution. But it is well for us to bear in mind her point of view in passing judgment upon the moderates or Tories among the American colonists. Her attitude, to use the language of Professor Andrews, "illustrates admirably how unfortunate often was the policy of the radical revolutionaries in driving out many men in sympathy with the cause of America, but who for one reason or another were unable to adapt themselves at once to a program of revolt. . . . The hardships which the moderates suffered in the years from 1774 to 1780 are comparable, *mutatis mutandis*, with the hardships suffered by men of moderate mind and restrained opinions in the revolutions of England and of France."

It may be repeated that in times of social struggle or upheaval the situation of the temperamentally moderate man is hard indeed. Probably such a man can follow no better model than Washington, who was moderate in discussion, moderate in asserting his opinions, moderate in his censure of other men, but who, when the time for action came, maintained the cause he espoused at any risk and with all the vigor he possessed.

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The British Election

By P. W. WILSON

FOR the third time in three years Britain is burdened with a general election, and, according to Lloyd George, any one who thinks that the nation wants such an infliction should be locked up as a lunatic. Like the Democratic Convention at its hundredth ballot, the country is undergoing the agony of a deadlock. And the solution is a case of "try, try, try again." The explanation is that, of political parties as of lovers, "two's company when three's none." There are three parties at Westminster where there is room for only two, and one must disappear. However painful the reassortment, this triangle cannot be eternal.

Backed by the main body of the landed interest, of the brewers, of the press, of the banks, of the Episcopal clergy, and of big business, the Conservatives will remain a solid party.

Secondly, there is the Labor Party on the Left. That Labor has come to Westminster to stay is agreed. Like the Conservatives, the Labor Party is backed by certain industrial interests, namely, the trade unions, which control a number of areas, mainly urban.

It is the fate of the Liberal Party which these elections are deciding. Most Liberals and several Ministers in the Labor Cabinet—for instance, J. R. Clynes and Philip Snowden and Sidney Webb—desire an alliance with Liberalism, with associated work for common ends, and an arrangement in the constituencies whereby three-cornered contests may be avoided. The obstacle to the alliance has been Ramsay MacDonald.

His attitude is hard to understand. He is not an extremist, but a moderate. He has asked his party to talk about "Labor" rather than "Socialism." On fiscal matters he is one hundred per cent a Liberal, while his attitude towards the League of Nations, the naval base at Singapore, and towards the reconciliation of Germany and France is pure Liberalism. It is the Liberals who put him in office and have wished to keep him there. Yet it is his manifest object, not merely to absorb, but to smash and antagonize the Liberal Party.

It is from within the Labor Cabinet that the most pointed attack has been launched against MacDonald. The "New Statesman" is a weekly run by the Sidney Webbs. It asserts that MacDonald has succeeded only as Foreign Secretary, not as Prime Minister. It accuses him of harboring personal animus against Asquith, of exhibiting impatience under criticism, of swollen head, and of treating his colleagues with unflattering condescension. On policy he compromises, often too much. On organization he is at once meticulous and adamant.

A personal affair, moreover, has put MacDonald on the defensive. From a rich old friend he has accepted a life interest in £30,000 worth of stock belonging to the biscuit firm of Messrs. McVitie & Price, with a Daimler automobile in addition. Alexander Grant, the Prime Minister's patron, was created a baronet. It is true that Grant's other benefactions to public objects far exceeded even the large sum which he bestowed on MacDonald, and that he is personally respected. But he is a strong Tory, and that the Tories have financed Labor as a means of smashing Liberalism has long been suspected.

Fighting at bay, MacDonald seems to have forgotten his task of winning the country to an out-and-out support of the Peace Conference next June, and, instead, he rode for a fall. The battleground is Russia. Like Napoleon, MacDonald is retreating from Moscow.

In recognizing Russia Labor had the support of all parties. But that is not now the issue. The question at the moment is whether Russia is to be financed. The banks will not look at any security that Russia has to offer. MacDonald, therefore, proposes that the British taxpayer shall find £30,000,000. In form it would be a loan, but in fact a gift, and the Soviet Delegates, on their return home, exulted in triumph that they had put it all over the British Government.

There are strong reasons for good relations with Russia. And Russia can make trouble in Asia from Peking to Bombay and from Bombay to Mount Ararat. Surrender to the blackmailer, and it is not long before he resumes the blackmail. MacDonald, however, argues that pouring money into Russia will help the British unemployed, for whom, otherwise, Labor has done nothing substantial.

Just as the Russian treaties were being signed—they have yet to be ratified—there occurred an unforeseen incident. A Communist paper, the "Workers' Weekly," printed a manifesto appealing to soldiers, sailors, and airmen to refuse to fight their "comrades" in enemy nations or to shoot down strikers, but to turn their weapons on their capitalist oppressors. Ross, the editor, was prosecuted for seducing the armed forces of the Crown from their loyalty to the King. His defense included subpœnas for MacDonald and two members of his Cabinet, Clynes and Henderson, who at the Second International had accepted resolutions which, it was alleged, supported the manifesto. For the whole of one night Labor members besieged Downing Street, and when the case came up for hearing the prosecution offered no evidence. Ross was acquitted, and boldly declared his intention of repeating his offense. And the Attorney-General, Sir Patrick Hastings, who quashed the affair, had been seen privately by MacDonald.

The Conservatives promptly moved a vote of censure. The Liberals, with their strong reluctance to interfere with the liberty of the press, proposed that the matter be referred to a select committee, which is the recognized method of allowing governments to escape from impossible positions. And Asquith went so far as to offer MacDonald a committee from which Liberal members would be excluded. MacDonald, however, compared the select committee with the Spanish "Inquisition;" he declined to submit to "torture;" and in the House he was beaten. At the very moment, therefore, when the Labor Party has by resolution excluded Communists from its ranks and has withdrawn recognition of Communist candidates for Parliament, the Prime Minister is accused of condoning the Bolshevism by which Lenine and Trotsky shattered the armies of Kerensky.

The essential question which underlies all these controversies is simply this: It is one thing for Britain to support a Labor Government which works in friendly consultation with Liberalism; but it is quite another thing for Britain to give *carte blanche* to MacDonald in his present mood—that is, to increase his party until it has a majority in the House of Commons over all others combined. To gain that objective Labor would have to win about eighty new seats; this with Liberals and Conservatives forming mutual arrangements in many localities and with Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill—the last named a reclaimed Conservative—thundering criticism.

MacDonald has been left in the hands of his extremists, who have firmly strapped on his shoulders the packsaddle of their Communism. His shoulders may be broad enough to bear the burden.

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First Effects of the Dawes Plan

By JOHN R. ROBINSON

How Germany has been transformed from an unfair competitor and required to work out her own salvation in a world big enough for all

WITHIN one week of the announcement of the full text and scope of the Dawes Plan its effect was felt.

I am an American salesman and foreign-trade survey man, selling a commodity in universal use in Latin-American countries. My selling is done entirely through local agents. I visit country after country, working with these agents, calling on the trade day after day, selling where possible and observing effects of foreign competition, then working out plans with our American offices and mills to meet this competition.

Like the majority of American mills, ours are designed to manufacture, at peak production, twenty per cent more than our American trade requires. This twenty per cent excess production, forming the safety-valve of organization, must be marketed abroad. We come into competition with practically every country in Europe on at least half of our grades.

At first thought, the Dawes Plan would seem fatal to us. Our biggest competitor in Latin America is Germany. This is equally true relative to more than half of the American merchants and manufacturers who count on handling twenty per cent of their production through foreign channels. The Dawes Plan, in brief, stabilizes German currency and manufacture, establishes a central bank of rediscount, issue, and reserve, and loans Germany, through this bank, $200,000,000, of which 110,000,000 is to come from America, with which to stabilize currency, purchase raw material, and get her factories into proper production line. It places the railroads under private instead of government control.

These factories, with lower labor costs, come into active competition with American factories. The money we loan Germany is used in rehabilitating these factories, stabilizing currency so that the factories can make proper financing arrangements, and sending the products of these factories over the seven seas to all parts of the world.

Since the announcement of the Dawes Plan I have covered the Republics of Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, and Cuba. These markets ordinarily should be excellent grounds for the products of the factories of the United States. Cuba, especially, because of the tariff preferential in favor of goods from the United States, has been looked upon as essentially our market.

But for the past three years in all of the above republics, with the exception of Panama, Germany has been making rapid strides at the expense of the United States. Even our preferential tariff did not save us in Cuba. France also has been coming back strongly in all four, but France's trade is in specialized articles in which she always has excelled—women's wear, jewelry, tableware, perfume, wines, and kindred articles. Germany, with a broad field of manufacture, is the real competitor of the United States.

American salesmen will join in testifying that there is no such person as a first-class German salesman. Before the World War Germany sold her goods through excellency of product, long banking terms, and low prices. Anybody can sell goods under these conditions. Since the war Germany has sold her goods only on low prices. That is the sole argument the German salesman ever offers. I still am not convinced, after five and one-half years of active contact and competition with German salesmen, that a single one of them would fit into a high-class American organization where we must sell on excellency of product, honest dealings, and first-class service.

Import statistics of the various Latin-American countries show rapid increases in German sales in these countries in the years 1921, 1922, 1923. In almost all cases they compare with decreases in American imports.

Germany's increase was due to the break in the German mark. Workmen were paid in depreciated currency; raw material was imported from abroad with credits established through the sales of these same worthless marks; the goods were carried abroad in German ships of the rapidly increasing German mercantile marine, and the officers and sailors were paid in the same worthless currency. The ships were coaled from German mines, owned by the steamship operators—the Stinnes and Horn interests. Even the food for the officers and crews of these boats was taken on in foreign ports and charged to credits established through the sales of marks. The railroads in Germany, politically controlled, carried goods for almost nothing.

This made the lowest production and transportation cost in the history of foreign trade, and allowed the German salesman full swing in his theory that price alone is good salesmanship. These were the causes for Germany's rapid increase in export trade. Hamburg shipped out more tonnage than in the boom days before the World War.

Then came the Dawes Plan. Whether or not news of the text of the Dawes Plan was known in advance by German manufacturers, or whether they sensed the business knowledge of Dawes, Young, and Robinson, and knew that this knowledge would shatter Germany's false trade foundation, is not known. But two weeks before the announcement of the plan the last big cut in German prices was made, and the salesmen were instructed, at least in the territory I have visited in the past three months, to unload the great surplus stocks which apparently had piled up in every factory in Germany, as against the day when production costs would be higher. The German manufacturers evidently feared the seizure or price control of these stocks by the commission established by the Dawes Committee.

This lasted until the last of July. And now come the reaction and the practical results of the Dawes plan.

Along the entire line of German manufactures, and even along the line of those products which have been made in other countries but marketed through Hamburg jobbers and commission men, a sharp rise in prices was put into effect. German workmen, under the Dawes Plan, must be paid in currency which is being stabilized. All other production, raw material purchases, and transportation costs come under the same heading. Raw materials needed from abroad will be paid for out of credits established through legitimate banking and loan connections, instead of through the continued sale of worthless marks.

Germany is being put on a par, to a certain extent at least, with the rest of the world. Germany must get to a basis of good product, reasonable terms to buyers, and real service if she wants to exist in foreign trade. No field is being

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closed to her, but she must honestly compete with the rest of the world, and work out her own salvation instead of crying for sympathy and charity.

The world's markets are big enough for all of us. There is sufficient demand abroad to take care of the German and British and Scandinavian products, as well as the products of the United States, Japan, and the rest of the world. American and British manufacturers can take care of themselves if world trade conditions, as applied to their competitors, are even. Real competition produces real salesmanship, and real salesmanship will enlarge any market. Salesmen, hard put for trade, will work with their own customers, showing them new methods of re-marketing goods and creating demands where demand before did not exist.

The Dawes Plan can have no other effect than the stabilization of world trade and the consequent enlargement of world markets. Those editors and politicians in the United States who are opposing the Dawes Plan and the consequent loan by the American people of $110,000,000 to Germany are traitors to American trade. They place their own opinion, formed from partisan theories, against that of the head of the greatest electrical company in the world and two bankers of vast domestic and international experience.

As a practical man in the field, allow me to tell them that we salesmen, who have to go out and fight competition in foreign lands, welcome the Dawes Plan, and already we have felt its beneficial effects in the orders we are able to send back to our own American factories.

La Follette's Private Preserves

Special Correspondence from Madison, Wisconsin

By STANLEY FROST

TWO points stand out of my survey of Wisconsin as peculiarly significant of the conditions and methods which have made that State a pocket borough for Senator La Follette.

First, the Coolidge managers, who are straining every nerve to cut into the La Follette strength in the Senator's home State, though they have no hope of defeating him here, do not dare to use his war record against him. They believe that they would make him votes instead of hurting him.

The second illumination was along much the same line. I was talking with a farmer-preacher of Puritan stock, a man of great ability and insight. "There are a lot of people of our breed here," he said. "There are really more of us than there are of any other kind. But La Follette has got hold of all the rest and organized them, and we're helpless. A good many of his people might be good Americans, too," he went on, rather bitterly. "It's partly our own fault—we were too slow in getting hold of them. Now La Follette won't let us."

It is extremely important just now to come as close as may be to a real understanding of what has happened in Wisconsin and why, for La Follette and his followers are trying to do to the rest of the country just what they have done here. This is the big issue; Davis has practically vanished as a contender in the Presidential race, and there are many acute observers who predict that this is the last appearance of the "unterrified Democracy" on the National stage. The indications are increasing that the conflict between the ideals and purposes represented by Coolidge and his somewhat reformed Republican Party, on the one hand, and La Follette with his personally conducted "progressivism," on the other, will be the storm center of our politics for years to come. It is essential to know just what La Follette's "progressivism" means, aside from oratory.

Most of the discussion so far has been abstract and theoretical, but it ought to be more than that. La Follette has been in active and almost absolute control of Wisconsin for over twenty years. He has had full scope to work out his theories; if he has failed, it has been because he did not want to do it. So this State to-day can give us a fairly clear picture of how La Folletteism works, what it will accomplish, and what its tendencies are.

"A Foreign State"

THE first thing to remember about Wisconsin is that it is a State quite foreign to the American tradition and American experience and thought. This need hardly be argued. This is so, not so much because of the very large proportion of German and other Teutonic stock by which the State was settled, as because its people have definitely and carefully been held out of the melting-pot. Lutheran and parochial schools flourish and keep a large part of the children from any contact with the democracy of the public schools; there are whole communities where German is still the common language; there are homes of the third generation where the children have never heard a word of English. It is inevitable that with these conditions many thousands have not learned—could not learn—anything of the American point of view; far less share our instinctive purposes and beliefs. They are still almost as they were when their grandfathers arrived from the old country; an honest, rather pious, tenacious, industrious people, mentally rebellious against outside domination but instinctively docile under authority, and without great personal independence or initiative.

These are the people whom La Follette has represented. There can be no doubt that he has represented them accurately and faithfully. Whether the results, according to American standards, be good or bad, whether they will help or hinder the development of American thought and civilization, they have been, as a rule, about what the majority of the citizens wanted. Certainly, under our theory of government, they have a right to them. The question now is whether the country as a whole wishes to follow the same road and to get the same results.

Under La Follette's rule (the Governors and Legislatures that have come and gone have been merely parts of his administration) Wisconsin has been on the whole fairly well governed. In all the things which may be used as measures she stands neither at the top nor at the bottom of the list of States. There have been aid to the farmers, fair honesty, good roads, a State university recognized as one of the best, decent enforcement of all laws except the Volstead Act, and schools about on a level with most in the Middle West. Nothing bad; nothing remarkably good. It is notable that when La Follette's adherents are asked to list his achievements they seldom speak of these things, however. They speak, instead, of what has been done to "the interests." The railroads, the corporations, the grain dealers, the cattle brokers, are the things most in their minds, along with the fact that "the burden of taxation has been put on those

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who can bear it best." Yet, in spite of all these "progressive" measures, rates and prices in Wisconsin have kept pace with the rest of the country. Whatever benefits have come to Wisconsin farmers ahead of those of other States must be reckoned in minute percentages. They are not visible to the naked eye.

In short, Wisconsin, with all the clamor and all the "progressivism," is in education, in prosperity, and in government generally, about on an average with her neighbor States. La Follette has brought no millennium; neither has he caused much wreckage.

It is when we turn to look at the government itself that we see the biggest difference. There has been a wide tendency toward an increase in bureaucracy, in government by commissions. Wisconsin has outdone all other States. It has a bureaucracy *par excellence*. It has sixty-two State boards or commissions, with from 2,600 to 2,700 employees, and with all power centralized in the Governor—who is usually controlled by La Follette. These commissions cover every conceivable thing, their power reaches down into the most minute details of local government in every respect, they overlap and conflict, they are autocratic in the extreme.

The value and efficiency of these swarming State bodies and employees are not called in question here. The fact is that they exist. Because of them the traditional American system of local self-government and local responsibility has practically vanished; nothing remains but a shell and a name. The State is all; and the State is La Follette. Good citizenship in Wisconsin calls for little more than law-abiding conduct. There are almost no civic responsibilities. The State attends to them. There is, in fact, a bureaucratic autocracy, differing from the old-time autocracies only in that its head is elected.

An Anti-Tax Campaign

All this has not been done without a high cost in taxes. During the twenty-year period between 1900 and 1920 the increase in State expenditure was 432 per cent. This has been partly covered in the tax rates by an increase in assessment values of 235 per cent, but the fundamental fact is that the tax paid per person has actually increased in that twenty-year period by nearly 400 per cent, as against about 100 per cent for the country as a whole. Since 1920 there has been another 50 per cent (over the 1920 total) for the disbursements of the taxing units of the State, but I have been unable to find just how it has been distributed.

Wisconsin is certainly one of the most complexly taxed places on earth. In addition to the general property tax there are a State income tax which raises an average of nearly $5,000,000 a year, corporation taxes, inheritance taxes, occupation taxes, taxes on gross earnings for certain businesses, and the usual license-fee system. One result of all this, business men tell me, is that many manufacturing corporations have been driven out of the State. A dozen have been named. I cannot be sure what the reason is, but the difference between the clusters of manufacturing plants which lie along the lake on the Illinois side of the State line and the vacant land on the Wisconsin side seems to confirm the charge.

There also seems to me to have been another result of the bureaucratic system which it is impossible to prove with figures, but is of great importance. Wisconsin, more than any other State I know, appears lacking in civic pride and in public spirit. There is little of the hustling public improvement so common in most Middle Western States. There is little support for State fairs and similar institutions which usually draw enthusiastic crowds. There are few "public movements." There is a rather intangible feeling that the people are apathetic toward all community affairs. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Wisconsin seldom polls more than half its possible vote.

Against Big Business

The whole results of La Follette rule are summed up in this fact: that in the present campaign it is his opponents who are trying to focus attention on his record and the history of the State—his supporters are talking chiefly about the tyranny of big business and what La Follette will do to it. Incidentally, the men who are attacking the record are making little headway. The State as a whole seems satisfied with that record.

To get at the sources of La Follette's real strength, however, it is necessary to go outside his achievements as an administrator. They seem to satisfy Wisconsin, but they do not arouse it to enthusiasm. Yet La Follette is a religion

This picture was taken by a Madison photographer on September 30, 1924. The billboard represented was set up in an alley running west from Sixth Street, between Grand Avenue and Wells Street

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here; in a less civilized age he would have been well on his way toward being a demigod. And every one admits that there is hardly a chance of wresting the State from him.

Personal and Political Machines

THERE are several reasons for this. First of all is his political machine—this same bureaucracy. The men in it are no idle ornaments. They are all workers; and practically all the appointments have been political. It may be merely coincidence that swarms of them appear—each on his own business—wherever in the State there is incipient rebellion to be subdued or strength to be enlisted. They do appear. They are backed up by an elaborate network of local workers, on some sort of public payroll. Politicians on both sides say that there is at least one such in every school district in the State. This whole army is working for La Follette all the year round. It is an organization as effective as Tammany's. Like Tammany's, it is paid by the Government, but, unlike Tammany's, it is owned personally instead of by a group. Also it is better fortified than is Tammany against an occasional defeat at the polls, for most appointments to the machine are for six years.

This great State-subsidized, personally controlled machine not only makes it possible for La Follette to get out his vote, to jam primaries, and to perform all the more or less accepted tricks of other political machines; it enables him to spread any desired propaganda promptly, to secure instant information of incipient revolts, and to have his representative in every gathering. It also preaches La Folletteism from dawn to dark, and fills the air with his praises. And it pays to advertise, even in politics.

Another great strength is in the primary law. This was one of the first measures he put through, and has saved him many times. Its peculiar virtue is that in it any man may vote on whatever party ticket he elects. That is, a Democrat or Socialist may help select the Republican candidates. In the hands of a skillful man this gives tremendous power. One of La Follette's earliest successes was the practical disruption of the Democratic Party. He enlisted many of its members and many Socialists, and used them to "gang" the Republican primaries in the days when he did not yet control the party. Backed by his splendid machine, this is a mostly deadly weapon.

Not that he needs it often these days. His magnetism, his charges against the interests, and his propagandists have established him beyond question with most of the people. He is trusted utterly. "Our Bob is the only honest man in the Senate," one farmer told me. When I asked about the Senators who follow La Follette's lead, he answered: "We'll trust 'em so long as they take his orders. But we won't trust 'em by themselves—no, sirree!"

It follows that any man who does not take La Follette's orders is dishonest—"a servant of the interests." Even a whisper from the La Follette workers brings political death—a fate which is about to fall on Lenroot if La Follette lives till the next election, in spite of the many years' service Lenroot has given "Little Bob." This is a power which La Follette has used ruthlessly. There have been many attempts to rebel against him. None have even got well started.

All this is machine politics raised to its highest pitch. It has made La Follette a State boss almost without a peer. But it was originally founded upon, has grown out of, and is still supported by his issues and policies. Chief of these, of course, is the attack on big business. The "tyranny of the interests" has been his stock in trade, and beyond doubt his early campaigns did much to destroy serious evils and curb ruthless and grasping wealth. He gained his power in the muck-raking days, and the good fight he fought then has never been forgotten. Nor has he permitted the issue to be changed or forgotten, however conditions have altered since.

Allies, Socialists and Others

ONE of his steady policies has been a working arrangement with the Socialists, who usually send to the Legislature a dozen or twenty members. He has needed them several times, and their influence is to be seen in much of his legislation. They have denounced him bitterly until the present campaign, but they have voted with him, and they now declare that he has done much of the "rough work" of preparing for Socialism. It is impossible to say whether this alliance has been from choice or from political necessity. But it does not hurt him with the conservative farmers. Apparently nothing could. They assure one that he is merely using the Socialists, and controls them.

Finally, La Follette has been even more successful than most men in catering to various groups and winning their support. This is common enough in politics. He has done it remarkably well, done it in such a way that he has kept the gratitude and support of the groups long after their immediate need of him has passed. In time he has got them all; as my farmer friend said, he has succeeded in welding practically all the groups which are outside the American tradition. Catholic, Lutheran, union laborer, radical, and farmer—each thinks of La Follette as his particular champion.

Especially is this true of the Germans. It has been mentioned that the anti-La Follette workers do not dare attack his war record, disgusting as that was to most of the country. It has made him a hero here. This is so largely true that one suspects that actually his support is almost entirely Teutonic-hyphenate. There are few farmers among his followers who are not of Teutonic blood. The Socialists, too, are mostly Germans. The Lutherans are, of course. In other States where I have been I have found the same line. There is growing reason to believe that both in Wisconsin and outside La Follette is the candidate not so much of radicalism as of hyphenism.

Yet there is something to be said for these German-minded people. They have been here in a comparatively solid group, with little chance for Americanism to enter. Yet they are not radical, and they are not opposed to Americanism as they understand it, excepting always the Socialists. They have complaints, some of them well founded, against the way the Government has been run. They have very definite sympathies with the Fatherland. But in 1920 dozens of counties in which La Follette had carried on his radical propaganda went strongly for Harding. And to-day the opponents of La Follette find that their strongest argument against him is that he is attacking the Constitution and endangering fundamental American institutions! Men who can be reached by that argument are not at heart hostile to America. They can be taught.

The net result of twenty years of La Follette, then, is fairly clear. He has capitalized the dissatisfaction of all who were in any way at outs with the Government as it is operated, or all who could be made dissatisfied. He has appealed successfully to class and religious interests. He has turned the half-understood Americanism of the Teutonic groups and their state of mind growing out of the war, not merely against governmental abuses, but against the Government itself. He has welded all this into a machine as powerful as any boss ever constructed.

With this he has established a form of government quite out of harmony with American traditions, erecting instead a personally controlled autocratic bureaucracy which he has made the framework of his political machine. He braced this with a primary law which made democratic rule out of the question, giving him power to outwit the will of the majority. He has, in short, built up a form of government which is not in its political machinery, its purposes, or its administration either democratic or American.

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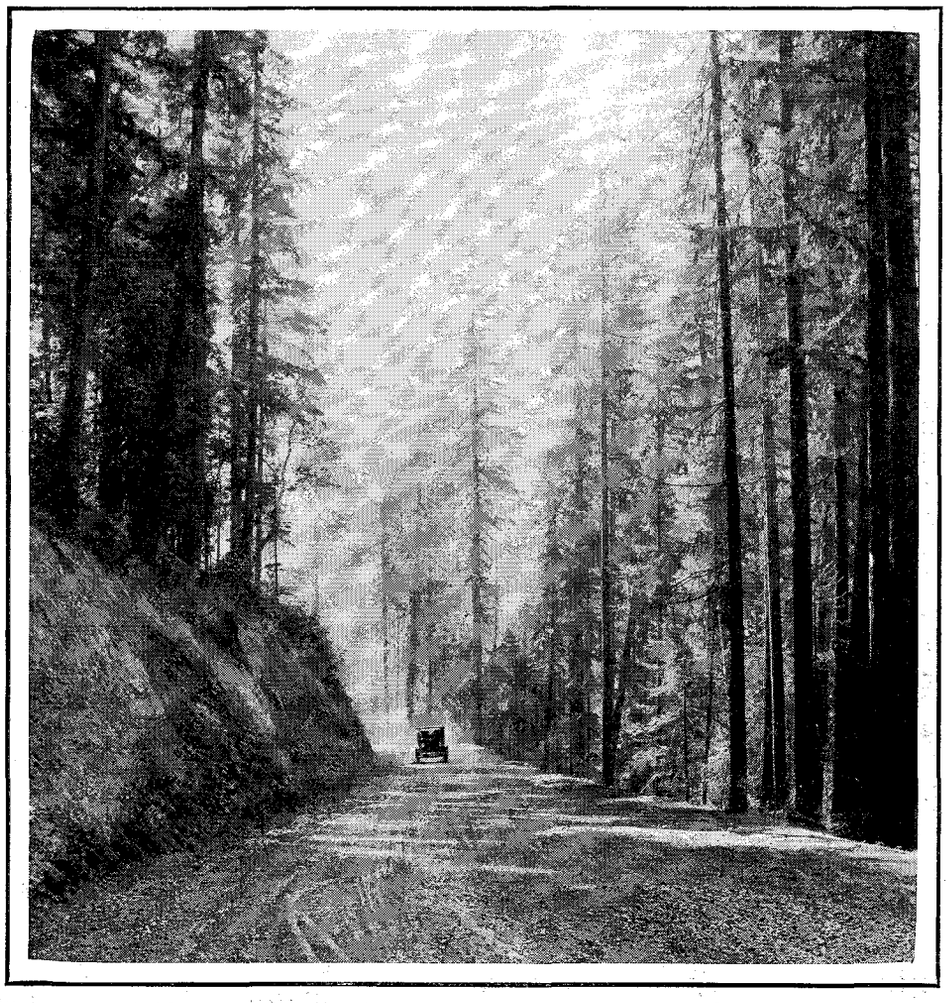
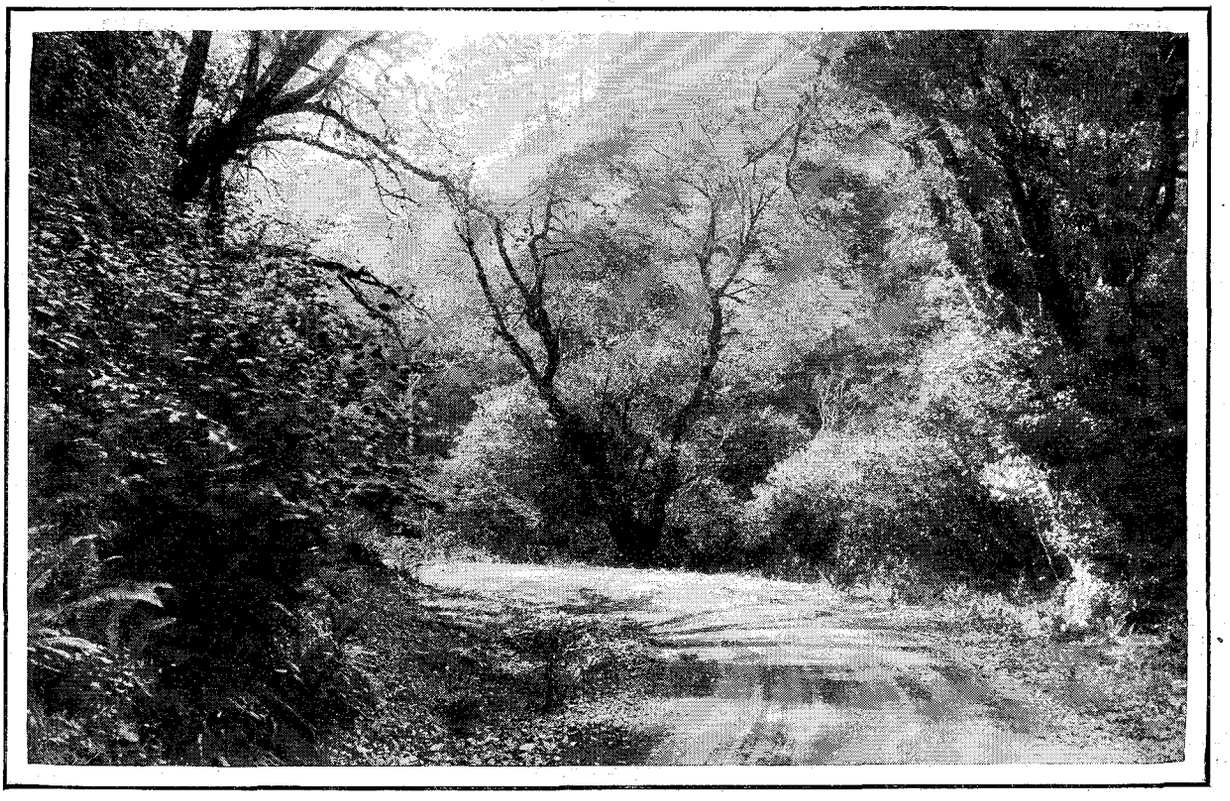
A Highway on



The Roosevelt Memorial Highway, lost among the firs and spruces of Curry County, Oregon

THE Nation's newest highway is dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. It borders the vast waters of the Pacific from Astoria, Oregon, to Crescent City, California, and marks the last frontier of the great West which Roosevelt knew and loved. Rugged, picturesque, magnificent, it is a fitting tribute to the great American whose name it bears.

There is another reason why Roosevelt would have been gratified to know that this highway was to bear his name. It was begun by the State of Oregon to provide employment for returned soldiers of the Great War. The Nation will be richer in spirit and beauty because of this new achievement in engineering. Roosevelt was a lover of dreamers—dreamers of the two-fisted variety that made dreams come true.



On occasional inland stretches the road is bordered by a vigorous and luxurious foliage

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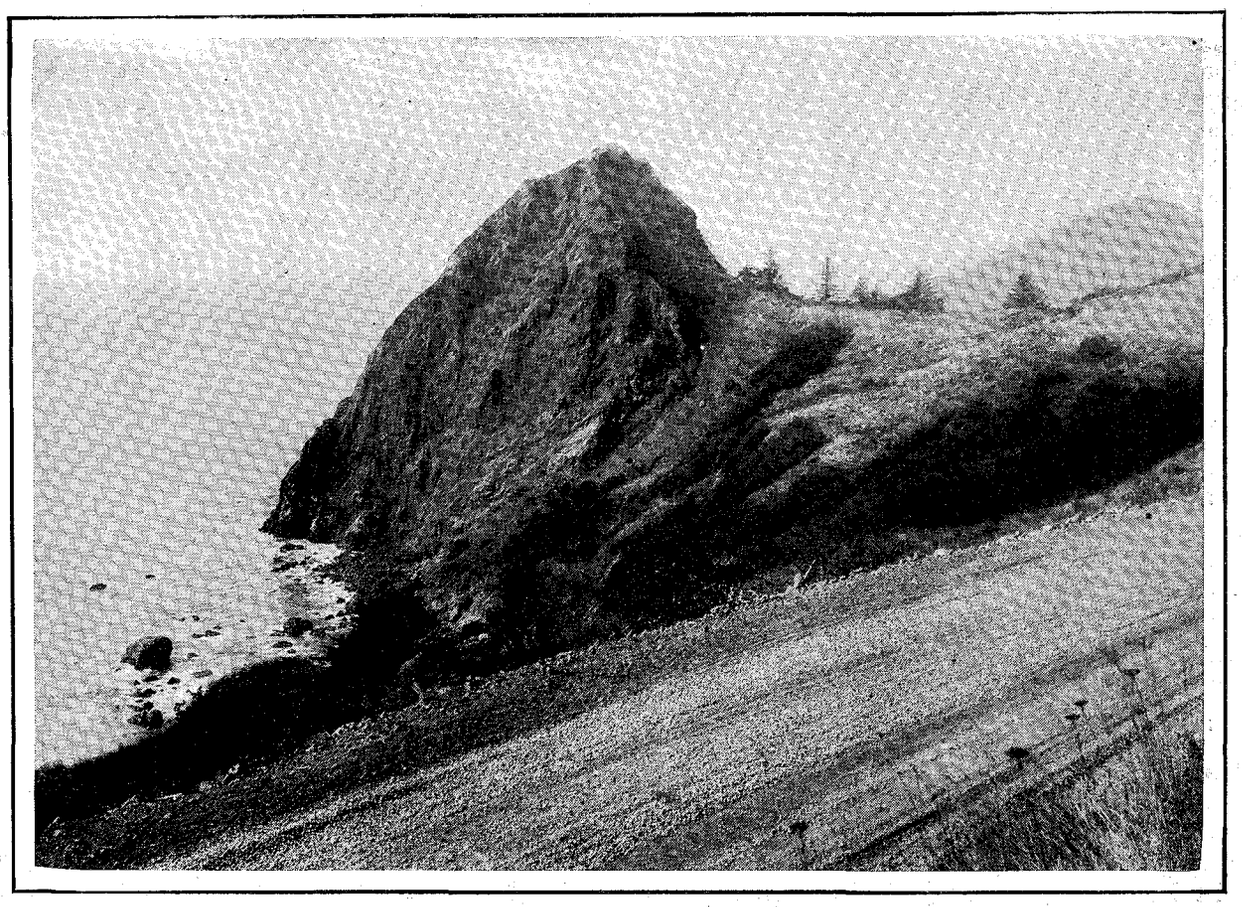
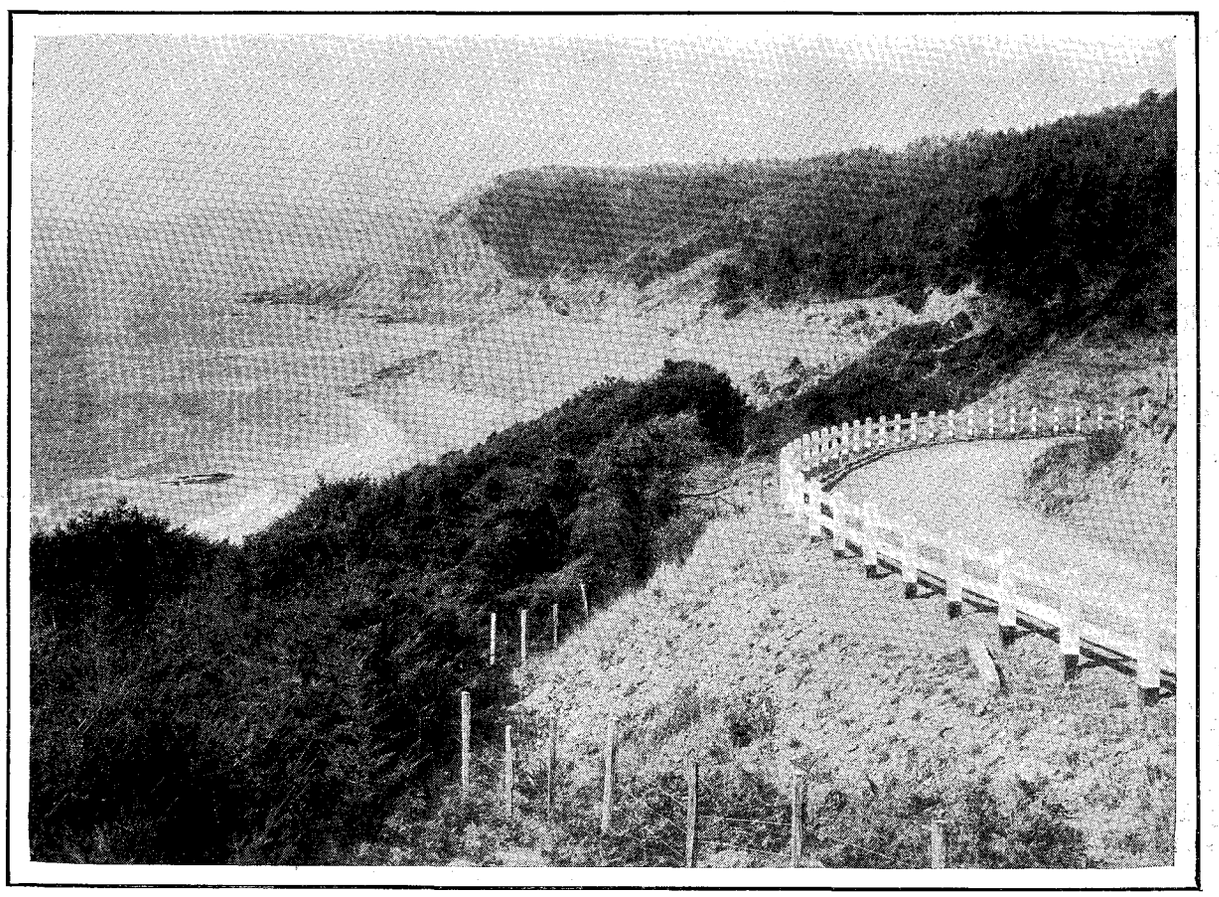
the Western Rim



The roadbuilders have not disturbed the ruggedness of the scenery



In and out like a serpent the course of the Highway winds along the shore of the Pacific

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The Gray Plower

By William Rose Benét

The silver coulter drawn
Through the dark field of sky
Brings the gold grain of dawn
That the sun thrusts on high.

The shadowy horses dim
And the gray man at the hales
As the mists wreathe and swim
Up the still river-vales.

Till dawn the dark furrows
Are plowed and sown with light
Where feathered star-arrows
Fall brief through the night.

Till dawn the gray plower
Goes vague on the dark
Unheeding any hour
That our earth-clocks mark.

I have seen him plow the night
With the moon for share,
I have seen his sheaves of light
Brighten morning air.

I hear his soft urging,
His low song of the grain
To the dark horses surging
Through the dreams in my brain.

A Little Journey with Theodore Roosevelt

"Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Hello, Teddy!"

By Henry Dwight Chapin, M.D.

IT was once remarked of Lord Bacon that he had taken the whole of science for his province; this idea might be paraphrased by saying that Theodore Roosevelt had taken the whole of humanity as his province.

On a cold day in January, 1918, Theodore Roosevelt, as the center of a small group, started out on an excursion.

It came about in this way: During the Great War the high percentage of rejections for physical reasons among the young men of the country—averaging one in four—drawn by draft or volunteering in the Army caused widespread comment. About the same time various observers were calling attention to the large number of growing children, averaging twenty per cent, who were suffering from various grades of malnutrition. It was thus becoming evident that home care and diet were defective as far as many children were concerned.

It is not strange that, as Roosevelt was interested in all social questions, especially where children were concerned, these reports of malnutrition in such large numbers should attract his notice.

For many years I had worked in hospitals and clinics drawing patients from the lower East Side of New York, and accordingly I was asked to accompany him as a sort of guide and companion upon an excursion to that part of the town.

We first met at the Post-Graduate Hospital, Second Avenue and Twentieth Street, both to plan the trip and to inspect a little piece of work some of us had inaugurated there. This consisted of a special clinic for undernourished children. Most of our little patients were drawn from the neighborhood and from Public School No. 40, just across the street. The children were collected once a week, carefully weighed and examined, their diet regulated, and advice given as to general hygiene. Every effort was made to interest the children themselves in their condition, especially as to weight, and, as they were all under weight for their size and age, gold stars were given as prizes for every increment of increase. A sort of competition was encouraged as to which child should get the most of these decorations. Needless to say, with such inducements, tea and coffee were willingly abandoned for milk, while cereals, baked potatoes, green vegetables, and plain meats were promptly substituted for sausages, pies, and candy.

Roosevelt was deeply interested in the plan, and stood for a while in the clinic watching the weighings and talking pleasantly to each eager child that stood waiting for attention. There was much suppressed excitement among doctors and nurses, as well as children, upon this unexpected visit.

Finally, children, nurses, doctors, and social workers were crowded together and Roosevelt made a little speech commending these efforts and urging the great importance of health and vigor. His talk was apt and stimulating, and doubtless many a thin youngster will in future years look back upon this occasion as one of the high spots of life.

We had simply to cross the street from the hospital to reach Public School No. 40, where the next stop was made. This is a large building accommodating hundreds of children. We first entered a sort of recess courtyard. I do not remember that any notice had been given of the intended visit. At any rate, the schoolboys were taken completely by surprise. A cry went up—"Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt is here! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" and school was kept no longer. In a twinkling class-rooms were emptied into the corridors and masses of excited boys rushed down to see and greet the famous visitor. About the little group standing in the center of the courtyard whirled crowds of boys.

The effect on Roosevelt was almost magical. His perennial youth instantly came to the surface in response to this hearty, unconventional greeting. He was a boy among boys; he was one of them. Numbers of outstretched hands were grasped in haste and quick responses thrown back to cries of "Hello,

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Teddy!" "Hello, Teddy!" He was certainly enjoying himself as much as the boys.

After a few minutes thus passed, he was shown a group of undernourished pupils who were being provided with a simple, nourishing midday meal. This work was carried on in connection with our clinic across the street. It was found that these children were not being properly fed at home, and until parents could be properly educated or helped in securing suitable nutriment this meal supplemented the defective home conditions. Roosevelt was much interested in all these details. When told that a few of the boys failed to gain on the improved diet until a daily rest period was also inaugurated, the exponent of the strenuous life was led to realize that some nervous, over-active children might play too hard and continuously for their own good. It was here shown that at times children who are properly fed but who are too energetic in study or play may become undernourished.

Nothing escaped the watchful eye of Roosevelt, and his questions showed interest in the essential details of all he was seeing. As time was passing, he reluctantly brought the visit to an end, and we left the school-building to continue our excursion. As the car sped around the corner, a glance backward showed the street full of boys wildly waving arms and hands and above the general din were heard their shouts: "Roosevelt! Roosevelt! Roosevelt!"

Our next stop was before a large double-decked tenement-house, where we were to visit a family of Russian immigrants. Up five flights, through dark entries, we groped our way until we reached the top floor. As the door swung open a mother and five children of assorted ages looked at us with eager wonder. It was amusing to see the looks of incredulous astonishment come over their faces when they began to realize who their visitor happened to be. A small portable scale was carried with us, and while I was busy weighing and examining the children Roosevelt engaged in friendly talk with the mother, learning what he could of the family history and the present conditions of their life. He showed the greatest interest in every member of the group, and, as two of the children gave distinct evidences of malnutrition, he eagerly listened to the advice as to diet and hygiene that was aimed at correcting the condition.

After a few words of encouragement and cheer, we descended the narrow stairs and once more were in the street. Here we found crowds of men, women, and children massed around the waiting automobile, as by some strange coincidence it had been noised about that Roosevelt was coming out of the house.

It was slow work making our way through the crowd, as the people were determined to get a good look at the famous man. We passed several blocks before the car could become sufficiently detached to put on speed.

Several other calls were made upon families living in tenements, both of the better and forlorner types, and Roosevelt's interest gave no sign of waning. The routine was about the same in all of the calls. The children were weighed and examined by me, while Roosevelt engaged in a rapid-fire conversation with parents or relatives to try to get an insight into individual and social conditions that might be understood, and when wrong, if possible, corrected.

Our last family visit took place in an alley located on a side street near the East River. It was a forbidding spot, and we made our way slowly to a ramshackle tenement at the end of the alley. Here we were met by an elderly, good-natured Irishwoman of expansive girth who occupied rooms on the ground floor. I forget her name, but we may call her Mrs. Hogan. She seemed to be the outstanding character in the alley.

It happened that we were in the midst of a prolonged cold snap, and as a result the supply and drain pipes were frozen tight. This naturally aggravated the dirt and disorder which, it is to be feared, were somewhat chronic in the locality. As Mrs. Hogan opened her door, however, she apologized for the dilapidated appearance of things, which she attributed to the intense cold. The ceiling over the entrance door was covered with icicles resembling stalactites, evidently the result of a rupture of pipes from a previous thaw. A hot coal stove was raising the temperature in the center of the room. As the little group entered, Mrs. Hogan began a tirade against the landlord for not thawing out the pipes, and she evidently regarded Roosevelt in the light of an inspector from the Board of Health. She was soon set right, however, and in a rich brogue poured out her surprise and pleasure at the unexpected visit. In giving an account of herself she happened to state that one of her sons was with the American Army in France. This was enough for Roosevelt. He was delighted. He declared his sons were comrades of her son, as they had all been fighting for the liberty of the world.

But more was to follow. Suddenly breaking away from the group, Mrs. Hogan reached a dilapidated bureau in a corner of the room, and, opening one drawer after another, began feverishly searching for some half-forgotten object. All kinds of articles were quickly tumbled out, but finally she found what she was seeking. It was a musty-looking piece of paper that was fished out and proudly handed to Roosevelt. A quick glance, and she was rewarded by a hearty shake of the hand and renewed approbation. The paper proved to be the honorable discharge of her husband, years previously, from the United States Army. Roosevelt became eloquent. He praised the patriotism of the family; a country that could claim such faithful citizenship was fortunate. The dinginess of the room was forgotten as he poured forth his feeling aroused by the human contribution of this humble family to the common good. It was a picture not soon forgotten. Roosevelt, oblivious of the surroundings, stood in the center of the group, gesticulating with one hand, while in the other he held a torn and soiled piece of paper; and directly in front stood Mrs. Hogan, stunned and embarrassed by these remarkable occurrences. Massed around was a motley crowd recruited from the alley, those in front being pushed forward by others struggling to get in through the narrow doorway. Still farther out, on the fringe of the group, a circle of children stood in open-eyed amazement. We could hear the steps of newcomers in the alley, attracted by the crowd, while windows began to open and women's heads enveloped in shawls peered out to learn the cause of the excitement.

At the end of his brief but earnest talk Roosevelt pressed a bill into Mrs. Hogan's hands to procure some apparent necessities, and while she was loudly mingling praise and thanks we withdrew into the alley. Again it was difficult to work our way through the crowd, but finally we were safely landed in the automobile.

The last lap of our little journey took us to the extreme end of Manhattan Island. Here, under the shadows of the sky-scrapers of Wall Street and lower Broadway, is tucked away a small district of much interest to the student of social problems. It forms a sort of Levantine Quarter, and may be looked upon as New York's Near East. Here groups of Orientals foregather in little upstairs cafés and air their conflicting interests in many dialects. Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, and Turks jostle one another in the narrow sidewalks between the Battery and Trinity Church. The housing conditions are very bad, as many dilapidated old tenements are scattered through the quarter. Even these are being gradually torn down to make way for warehouses or office buildings, and this restricts the housing resources and causes more crowding in the tenements that are left. The taking in of boarders or lodgers

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is an evil that accompanies this condition.

The people do not or cannot move to other neighborhoods owing to the nature of their work. Many of them are janitors, dock workers, or office cleaners, who must live in close contact with their jobs. Numbers of the women are engaged in several jobs which must be attended to during evenings, holidays, and other odd times. Old tenements, overcrowding, and many foreigners thus constitute the problems of this section.

Several years ago the Bowling Green Neighborhood Association was organized to aid in solving some of the more pressing of the problems created by these conditions, and this was our final destination. Our car at last reached a plain four-story brick building on West Street, the headquarters of the work. Across the street stretched a series of dirty-looking railway wharves that were given over entirely to the handling of freight.

Here was a combination of conditions that made a quick appeal to an observer of Roosevelt's broad interests. After he had entered the building it did not take him long to grasp the more important features of the undertaking. He had always been interested in the assimilation of foreigners, and this first attracted his attention. The efforts toward Americanization made an instant appeal to him. This was being accomplished by neighborhood meetings in which the advantages of citizenship were portrayed. Naturalization was explained and encouraged, and the English language taught.

As the best way of reaching the parent is through the child, much of the work of the Association was being directed to the early years. The building was full of children, with whom Roosevelt talked pleasantly and freely as well as with teachers and attendants. It happened that the children were very young —in the pre-school age—as a special effort was being made on behalf of this neglected class. Crowds of these little ones huddled around Roosevelt, but they were not old enough to appreciate with whom they were in such close contact. We went hurriedly through the rest of the house, looked down upon the vacant lots that served as temporary playgrounds, and then closed our visit. The few passers in the street did not recognize Roosevelt, and so we left without the enthusiastic demonstration to which we had become accustomed.

As the car traveled uptown, slowly threading its way through the crowded streets, I had a chance to hear him talk on many points of interest, and especially those linked up with the children. He took a kind interest in the Speedwell plan of child saving that I had been working on for many years, and his encouragement and understanding will long remain a stimulus to future efforts. I thus had a short experience of the magnetism and exuberant virility that made him so universally popular. Our little journey ended, too soon for me, at the doors of the Century Club. There at luncheon we rehearsed the events of the day.

As we parted, I little thought that this strong personality and vibrant life would so soon leave us.

Lost in the Woods

By JIM SMILEY

You can't find your way back to a camp in the Adirondacks simply by "following your nose." Jim Smiley, an experienced hunter and trapper, tells in this article why woodsmen never get lost

ONE autumn evening in the late '80's, while I was camped on Jock's Lake outlet, in one of Ward's log job shanties, just after I had eaten my fried trout supper, a guide came hot-footing down the trail to ask me to go to Swanson's stillwater with him. He was looking for a man who had been lost in the woods above Indian River since the morning of the previous day, and Bill was on his way to Wilmurt for searchers.

I packed my basket, hid out my fishing tackle, and, carrying only my 38-55 rifle, some grub, and a blanket, headed up the trail to what was in those days "'way back country." The lost man was one of a party who had gone in there deer hunting and trout fishing, the two seasons in those days overlapping. The leaves on the trees were just beginning to turn.

In an hour I was drinking coffee in the bark lean-to camp at the stillwater with two friends of the lost man, who were good woodsmen, but dead tired. I could hear shots out on the mountains, fired by two guides who were searching.

The woods, though the stars were now shining, were black under the heavy foliage, but from the shots I knew the guides were working up Indian River Valley, eastward, so one of the sportsmen and I went up the West Canada lakes trail, at right angles to their course.

An hour later, three miles up, I fired two shots and listened. A mile farther on I fired another shot, and still no answer. Eight miles above the stillwater I fired two shots, and away yonder, trembling on the night air, I heard a single shot, followed by four or five others in repeater succession.

"What kind of a rifle is his?" I asked.

"A 40-60," my companion replied, eagerly.

Leaving my company by the creek, to remain till daybreak, I went on. I shot at intervals from ridge-tops, the answering shots sounding sometimes faint and far, sometimes loud and clear. I was chasing the shooter, who was like a will-o'-the-wisp, but in two hours I caught him.

Had the lost man, finding himself baffled, climbed a ridge and begun to shoot as soon as the quiet of night fell, he would have been reached before ten o'clock. As it was, he endured two fearful nights and one long, terrible day. He was a plucky greenhorn. I gave him some of my lunch, and when he had rested a little from about thirty hours of almost constant wandering we cut across to the creek trail and sauntered slowly to where his friend waited. We arrived at the Swanson stillwater after daybreak, and ten minutes before twelve woodsmen came in from Wilmurt with Bill.

A few years ago the time-keeper of a log camp on a Moose River job started from Fulton Chain for the chopping cabins. He followed a road a few miles, then cut into a trail, or footpath, where his tracks disappeared. He was a good fellow, and, though not strong, every one liked him. The day after he left the settlement the boss heard that Bookie had started, but he had not arrived.

A few men went out the second afternoon, and the following morning all hands were told off to hunt the missing time-keeper. Then began one of the most thorough man hunts ever organized in the Adirondacks. One line of men, seventy-five strong, tramping several rods apart, swung for miles back and forth between Moose River and the railway. As they came down over the mountains they roared in unison, and their shout, a summons of encouragement, echoed for miles across the wilderness. Then they lis-

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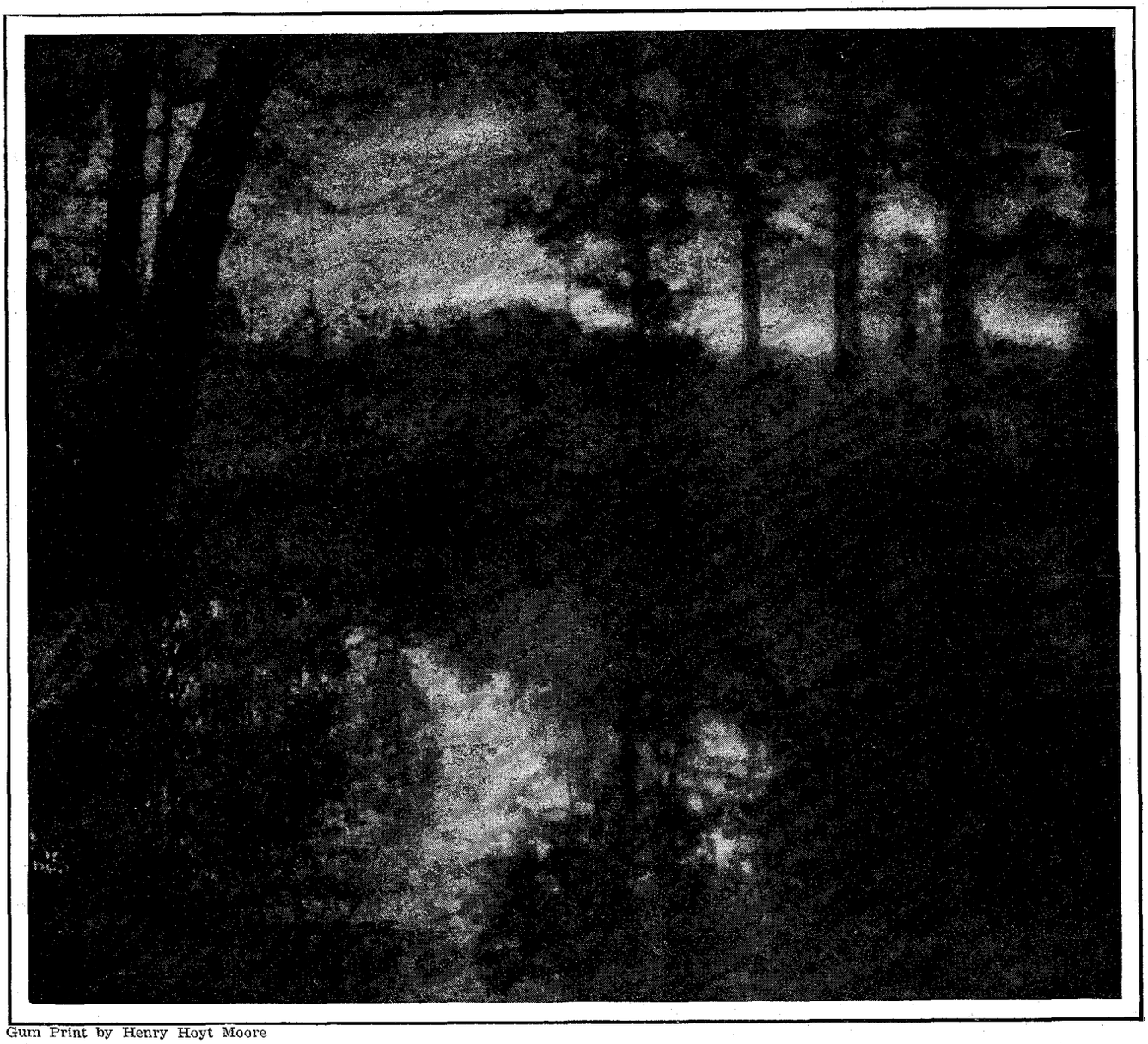

Gum Print by Henry Hoyt Moore

"When night folds down in darkening, starless gloom"

tened, these keen-eared wilderness men, but heard only the hoots of astonished owls, the faint chirrups of alarmed, timid birds, and the crackling and crashing of deer driven hither and yon.

For days the men gave their time, while the jobber stopped his work, hunting for the $40-a-month time-keeper. They ransacked the big woods, up and down and crossways. The day came, after a week of effort by more than a hundred searchers, when all hands knew the hunt to be futile. The sawyers, swampers, fellers, teamsters, and lobby dogs returned to their accustomed tasks.

Eleven days after the man disappeared two sportsmen paddling down Moose River in the Natural Dam stillwater heard a faint voice in the Pine Plains ferns beside the stream.

"Gentlemen," the voice said, "I am lost!"

The lost man was lying on his back five or six steps from the stream, and to the best of his memory he had been there a night and parts of two days. He had heard the voices of the two and the splash of the paddles, and had managed to muster strength enough to make his statement to them.

I have slept out in the woods overnight a good many times. Usually, it was because it was harder to reach camp than to build a fire or dig down in the loose snow to wait for day. Of course a woodsman like myself, a trapper, learns to recognize his country by night and day. Any one, sportsman or woodsman, familiar with green-timber mountains couldn't be wholly lost in a patch of woods like the 3,000,000 acres of the Adirondacks, the way the log camp time-keeper was lost.

The Adirondacks, cleared on all sides, and hardly a hundred miles across, has not been "big country" since the days of the Johnsons, Butlers, and Joseph Brant —in 1780. Nevertheless every year dozens lose their way, and for a long time I had the skull of a man I found in the Jones Lake outlet country in one of my camps. Being lost is a right serious thing, something to be guarded against.

Generally, when camped on a large stream, like Moose River or West Canada Creek, guides tell the newcomers to "follow the brooks down" to find their way out of the woods.

On a lowering, cloudy, dusky day it is difficult to keep going in a straight line. Even if a man looks at his compass every minute, going around a fallen tree-top, finding a way past a ledge of rocks, or even crossing open hardwood may turn him at right angles or more from the true course. One time a lost private-preserve club man is said to have found the camp of a poaching woodsman. The native, with fear of a fine for trespass, and perhaps with lust of revenge in his heart, told the lost man to head northwest.

"But I haven't my compass. I forgot it," the man declared.

"Well, that's the way," the woodsman pointed, adding, "And, say, keep three

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trees in a line ahead of you, and you'll go straight."

Selecting three trees in line, like telephone poles, the club-man, as soon as he passed one of these, noted another beyond the other two. He kept going. After days of weary plodding, hungry, and carried forward by sheer will power, he struck the Speculator-Jesup's River trail, forty miles from his own camp. The woodsman had taken advantage of the "survey line" method of keeping straight in the woods, and so insured himself against his victim "circling" and returning into the valley the hunter was raiding.

Landmarks are easily noted in hill or mountain country. We woodsmen use pilot knobs, as they call them out West. My camp on Otter Brook was against the foot of Horn Lake Mountain, a long, three-peak ridge. No other elevation thereabouts presented the same silhouette against the sky. Across from this mountain was the high, broken land of Canachagala Lake. No matter how dull the stormy autumnal day, a glimpse of the sky-line revealed my bearings.

With the sun shining, and a guess at the hour of the day, all compass points are available. Noting the direction on leaving camp, surely the hunter should be able to turn around and head back if he hunts in a straight line. When snow falls or rain pours, and wreaths of mist hide all but the nearest three rods, or when night folds down in darkening, starless gloom, one finds how dependent he is on distant views, sky-lines—how strange even familiar ground becomes under foot.

An old friend of mine, a guide, used high-pressure powder in an old shotgun less than a mile back from the Line Runway on Moose River. The charge blew out the breech, cut his face, and his eyes were closed, temporarily blinded. He had ranged this territory for years, night and day. Raising one eyelid with his fingers, he caught a glimpse of his surroundings, and saw the lay of the land, the ridge slope, the sun's location, and thus saw his course. With these bearings in mind, he started down grade into the river valley. Feeling his way with his moccasined feet, he kept going, until presently he struck the Stillwater Plains trail, about fifteen inches wide, but packed hard by the passing of generations of hunters and fishermen. He recognized it instantly. He recognized certain stones, tree roots, slopes up and down along the way, so that he knew how far he had come and how far he had to go. He arrived in camp at a swift walk, for literally his feet knew the way—had often followed the trail through pouring rain in dark of night. The practiced woodsman will feel old trails, deer runways, snowshoe tracks covered by new-fallen snow, by the texture underfoot, even when his eyes miss the signs.

One late autumn I struck the track of a bear which was circling and meandering all over Little Black Creek Mountain. The snow was more than a foot deep, and bruin was looking for a den to hole up in for the winter. I grinned, hunter wise, starting after him. I circled too, cut across, and went around. That night I was near the head of Seaberry, where I shivered under a low, thick balsam from dark to dawn. The bear was "just ahead of me," still looking for a den. I trailed him all the following day, until toward night it began to snow. I don't know where I spent that night.

I left the track to go down into a deep gully, or ravine, out of the wind. I was hungry, having eaten all day only a single stick of jerk venison. I missed my black tea, too. The next day I still-hunted, with my rifle ready—expecting every minute to see that bear. He was just ahead, just out of sight. Twice I caught glimpses of him as he withdrew among the snow-draped trunks and branches. I was five days on his trail, two without eating.

Then I frightened him. He saw or smelled me, and away he went, bobbing along like a black sheep—short jumps but quick. Scared, he was as apt to run fifty miles as five. I looked around, wondering where I was. I didn't recognize the country. A brook over to the right was flowing eastward, which was "right," to my way of thinking. I climbed a ridge, looking at the adjacent mountains. Snow was falling, and I couldn't see half a mile in any direction. I didn't have my compass.

I shot a porcupine in a hemlock tree, skinned out its legs and broiled them, salting them with smoke. I had never been in quite such a predicament of doubts and strange country. Finally I started south.

Tired, hungry, and cold, without snowshoes in nearly twenty inches of snow, in a steady downfall, I told myself that walking down bears looking for winter dens wasn't what it was cracked up to be. I knew south by the white light of the sun through the clouds and the shadow cast on my thumb nail when I stood the point of my knife on it in an open space in the woods.

For five hours I plodded, wallowing on. Then, without warning, I was in my own country. I recognized a clump of spruces in which I had killed a deer one time. Just beyond I saw a blaze on a tree, an old trap line I had run fifteen years before away back, east of the West Canada Lakes. In two hours I was in one of my trap-line cabins with a fire going and something to eat cooking—and black tea just coming to a simmer in a pail! Every woods camp ought to have a tin can full of grub in it for lost or wandering humans. Mine always have.

I was obliged to improvise snowshoes the following morning, using hemlock branches and strips of canvas from an old tent for bows and webbing. In due course I worked my way back to the camp which I had left one morning during the previous week "for a little look around." To this day I don't know where that bear left me!

But that is how a woodsman, familiar with green timber, loses his way and is baffled by the forest and mountains. He knows he can find his way out somewhere. Keeping to a straight line, and in motion, he is sure to come out into a road, clearing, or settlement. That is all there is to woods sense if one cannot find camp or home.

Sometimes when I am interested in a deer or pekan track, or when I am running around in half-circles on a dull, lowering day, I'll forget my bearings, which way I am heading. I don't know within a mile or two of where I am, but when I stop to think I know I'm on Township 5, or above the West Canada forks, or somewhere between Northrup and Moose River, or above Spruce Lake Mountain east of Belvin Flae. This knowledge is definite, and I can strike in one or another direction, until I find some stream, trail, or locality on the short cut to camp. This may mean an extra five or ten or fifteen miles finding my way through, and it often has meant a night out in the cold, wet, or white woods.

Personally, I don't care if the boys laugh at me because I had to "sleep out." Many a time I have done it, and hungry as a pekan, too. This was better than stumbling over something and breaking a leg, or falling off a ledge and breaking my neck, when I ought to be curled up beside a pine stump or fallen birch log fire. Of course, if I had to, and the distance wasn't too great, I could cut down the unknown in the dark until I arrived where I knew the lay of the land, and thence make my way into camp before midnight.

The only question is whether to find my way back after dark, or wait till the following day; and when I was in the Rockies and Western deserts the question expanded according to the vastness of things—and I had to make up my mind whether to find my way back this week, or next.

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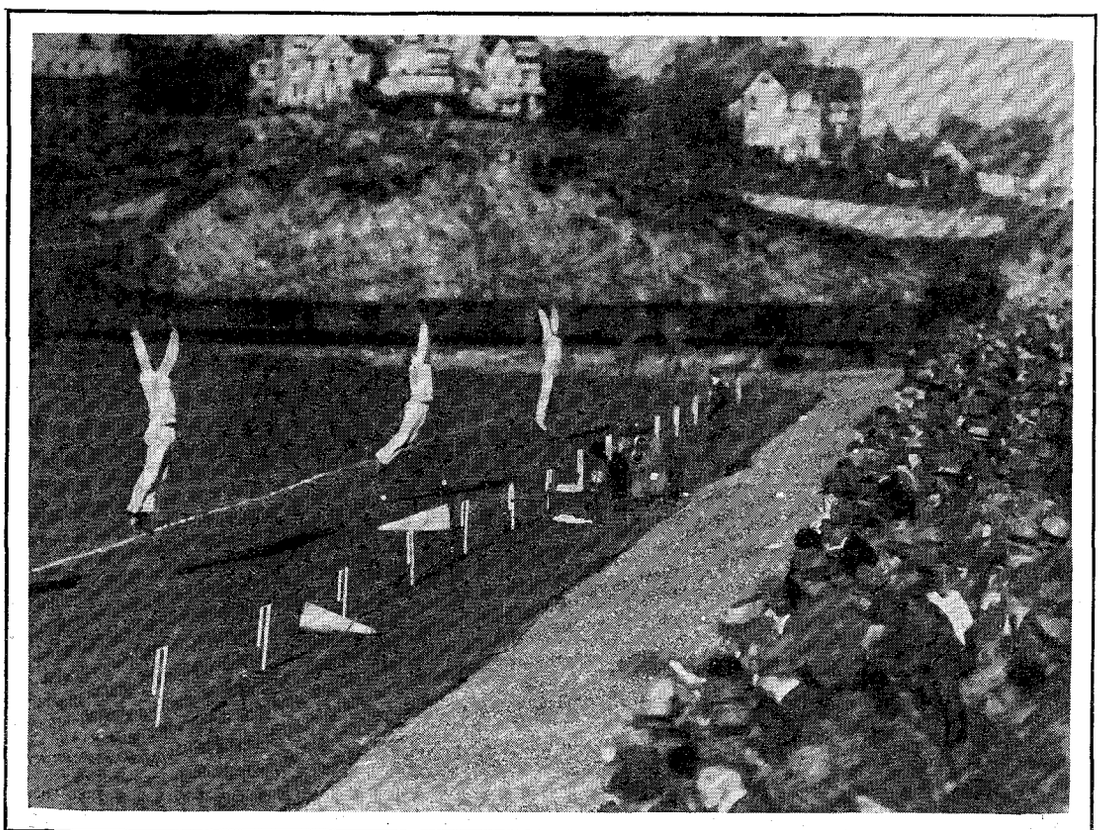
Cheer Leaders

Baseball

The President and Mrs. Coolidge cheering the triumphant "Senators" in the final game of the World Series

P. & A. Photos



Wide World Photos

Football

Columbia University cheer leaders in action in the game with Wesleyan, which Columbia won—35 to 0

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Chamber Music[1]

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

A TEST for the sense of humor is said to have been invented by Sidney Smith, the English wit. He told people he met, it seems, a fantastic story, which made the literal-minded stare, but tickled the fancy of such as had a fancy to be tickled. If we wished to find a similar test for the musical sense, we might choose a piece of chamber music, such as a Mozart string quartette. Any one who sincerely liked it could safely be pronounced musical.

Qualities of the String Quartette

IN chamber music there are no "stars" and no "spot-lights," as there are in opera and in recitals, to interfere with the music itself. Happily, the two violins, viola, and violoncello of the string quartette are obviously equals, forming a "team" or *ensemble*. Though the first violin must lead, he is not a vulgar virtuoso, but a prince among peers. He will no more expect to "put on all the airs" (or to play them all) than the captain of the baseball team expects to throw all the balls, or the leading man in a stock company to make all the telling speeches.

Then, again, chamber music is free from the specious appeals of sensationalism. An orchestra may take unfair advantage of the music lover and without saying anything of the least musical interest overwhelm him by the brute force of its voices—its blaring trumpets, pounding drums, whirring violins, and screaming piccolos. Two violins, a viola, and a violoncello can make, in comparison, very little sound. All their effects are relative. They have, we might say, a great soul but a small body; if they are to impress us at all, it must be by their music, not by their noise. Hence their method is supremely one of suggestion. They are eloquent as much by what they omit as by what they include. An awkward bit of melody, two badly joined harmonies, might pass muster on the rich canvas of an orchestral piece; in a string quartette they would offend like a patch on an etching by Whistler.

Here (Figure I) is the opening of a minuet by one Thomas Attwood, a pupil of Mozart. It is in the traditional style, and correct enough, though the viola part (what we should call the "tenor" or third voice in vocal music) is rather dull in the

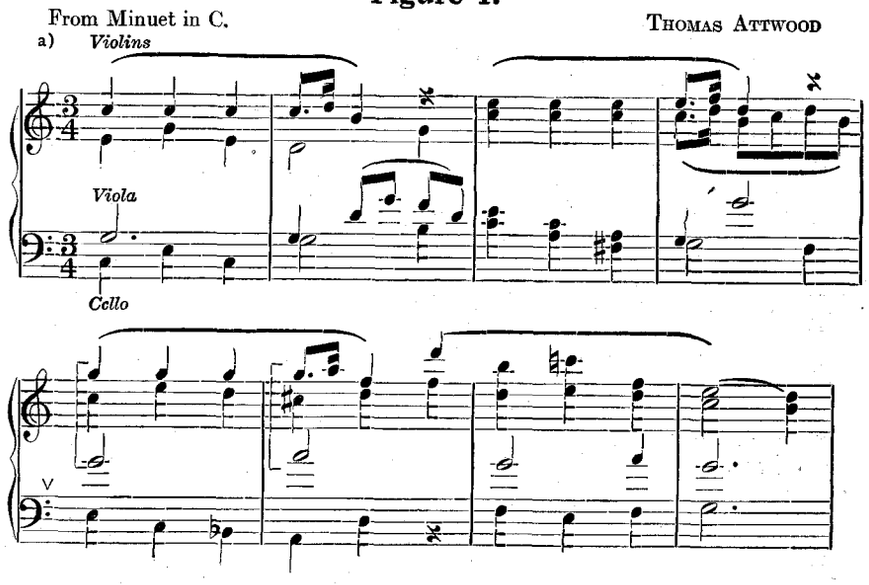
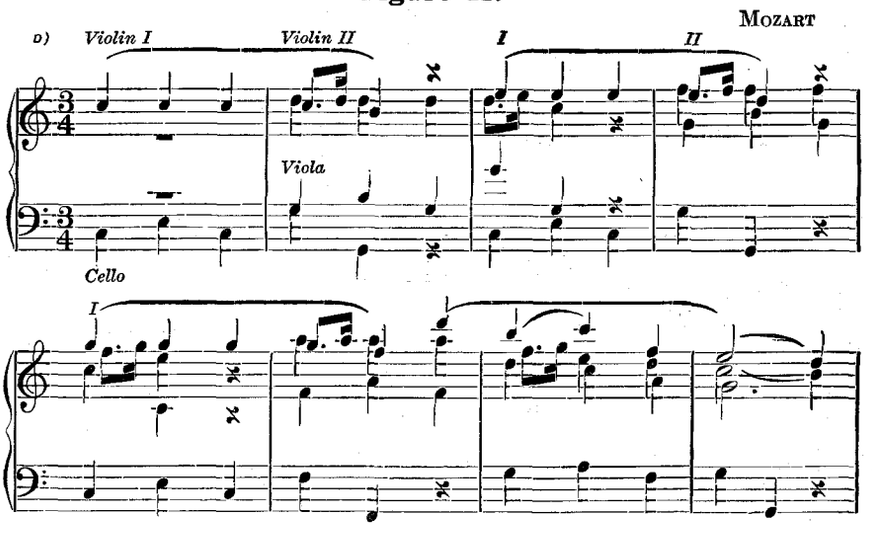
Figure I.

fifth and sixth measures. Now compare with it Mozart's rewriting (Figure II), jotted down hastily on the same sheet, reproduced in facsimile as the frontispiece of Mr. Thomas F. Dunhill's excellent book on "Chamber Music."

Figure II.

The two violins, it will be noticed, "give and take" the three-note motive, measure by measure, higher and higher, with a constantly increasing interest. The viola and the cello answer each other in similar fashion with the figure of five notes. Every instrument thus either says something worth saying or remains silent and gives the others a chance, with the result that the whole texture is vital.

With such a standard of perfection as this, it will not be wondered at that chamber music requires close listening and many hearings. A string quartette does not wear its heart on its sleeve. But no art that is wholly easy can hold our interest long; and it will be found that every conscientious effort made to get the point of view of chamber music will be repaid by steadily increasing, never-failing joy, such as only the highest manifestations of art can give.

Haydn the Pioneer

QUARTETTE music is particularly hard to illustrate on the piano, since the more freely and independently it is written for the four instruments, the harder it is to represent with only two hands. Perhaps the most practical mode of study is first to play phonograph records by the Flonzaley or some other good quartette, comparing the printed music in the inexpensive miniature scores of Eulenberg, and then to play whatever movements are available in piano arrangement for two or four hands, for the sake of the expressive light and shade. Mechanically reproduced music should

[1] The substance of this article will appear in Mr. Mason's forthcoming book, "From Song to Symphony," to be published by the Oliver Ditson Company for the National Federation of Music Clubs.—The Editors.

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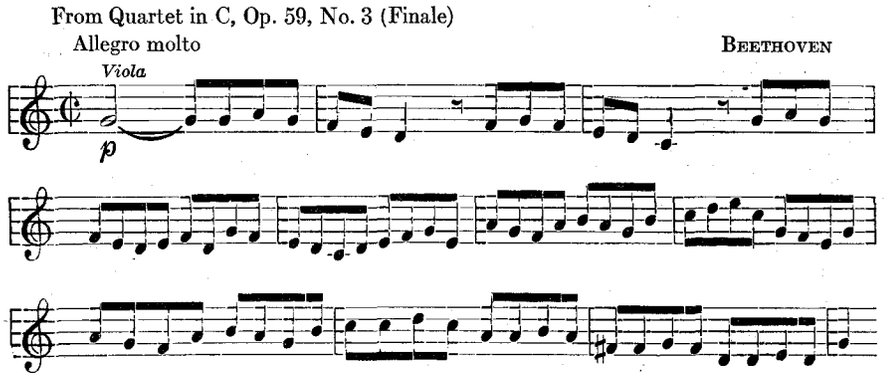
always be supplemented by the more expressive performances of living players, whatever their technical limitations.

tette" (Opus 59, No. 3) in C Major, recorded by the Flonzaleys. Here is its theme:

Figure III.

From Quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3 (Finale)

Joseph Haydn (1732–1809), called "the Father of the Symphony," well deserves by his seventy-seven examples to be called also father of the string quartette. His Quartette in D Major, Opus 64, No. 5, admirably recorded by the Flonzaley Quartette, is a good sample of his work. Unpretentious as is his vein of sentiment, he commands a concentration of texture, a variety of effect within the limits of the four "fiddles," and an instinct for climax, contrast, and other dramatic devices which make his quartettes after over a hundred years as fresh as ever, and keep them favorites with players and with all lovers of chamber music.

The Quartettes of Beethoven

OF Beethoven's (1770–1827) seventeen string quartettes, universally conceded to be the supreme achievement of chamber music, the first half-dozen are naturally nearest to the simpler style of Haydn and Mozart; the middle five are fullest of vigor, humor, and a healthy variety and universality of sentiment; while the last quartettes, written when deafness, ill health, and family troubles had cut off the composer from social life and thrown him in upon himself, are more the meditations of genius than objective works of art, and for all their profound tenderness and spirituality often lay an almost unendurable burden on the sympathy and patience of the listener. Yet all seventeen works, by virtue of characteristic traits that appear in each, though less fully realized in the earlier ones, are distinctly "Beethovenish."

First of all, there is a concentration, an economy and cogency of style, that has been equaled, probably, only by Bach and Brahms. We saw in Mozart's corrections of Attwood's minuet how vital economy of material is to elegance; Beethoven shows us that it is equally vital to force. Look, for instance, at the finale of his third "Rasoumoffsky Quar-

The impression of overwhelming power that grows upon us as we listen to this movement is due largely to the insistence with which Beethoven hammers home this theme. The movement ends in a carnival of energy in which the instruments, each sawing away on the figure of the last two measures of the theme, move in opposite directions to the great chord where the cello has its lowest note and the first violin about the highest one it can reach; and we feel as we listen that the last drop has been squeezed from the orange.

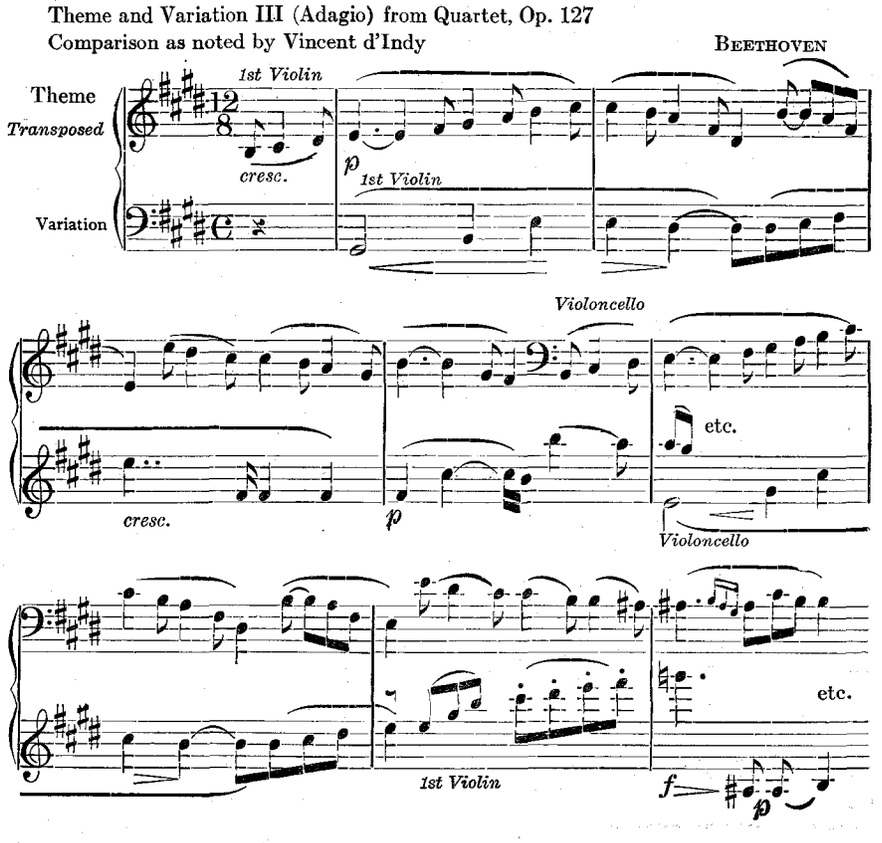
As Beethoven grew older, and especially as suffering deepened and purified his nature, his work became mellower and richer. The boisterousness of high animal spirits gave place to the subtler, more contemplative life of the mind. Nowhere has he reached a higher spirituality than in the *Adagio ma non troppo* of his Quartette in E-Flat Major, Opus 127.

The greatness of this movement, though making itself felt partly in effects of color, is chiefly due to the wondrous tenderness of the theme itself and the suggestiveness of Beethoven's treatment of it by amplification rather than by literal development. From d'Indy's comparison of the third variation with the theme (transposed for the purpose into the same key of E) may be cited the two opening phrases (Figure IV), in order to show the subtlety and the freedom of this kind of melodic germination.

Modern Tendencies

AMONG those who most powerfully continue the Haydn-Beethoven tradition may be named Schubert, Schumann, Smetana, Dvořák, Franck, d'Indy, and Brahms; in their work sonority and color powerfully assist musical thought, while seldom usurping in our attention the foremost place that it ought to occupy. Other recent composers have tended, in chamber music no less than in pieces for piano or orchestra, to exaggerate the importance of color and color effects. When such effects are sought as ends in themselves, as they are in certain pages of the ingenious quartettes of Debussy and Ravel, for instance, they may give great delight as long as they are novel, but tend to stale quickly, having no adequate musical thought behind them. The same comment is applicable to some extent to

Figure IV.

Theme and Variation III (Adagio) from Quartet, Op. 127
Comparison as noted by Vincent d'Indy

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quartettes like those of Schoenberg, Reger, and Stravinsky.

The modern composer who has best escaped these pitfalls is undoubtedly Brahms; and the solid favor he has won with the musical public, in chamber music as well as in piano pieces, songs, and orchestral works, is an evidence of the fundamental good taste of that public, if exercised over a long period.[2] Of all composers since Beethoven, he has best succeeded in combining modern richness and warmth of color with classic moderation of style, reticence of sentiment, and beauty of texture. Such a movement as the *Allegretto molto moderato e comodo* from the first of his three string quartettes, with its grace, its calm, its rhythmic subtlety, and the fascinating color effect of alternating an open with a fingered string on the same note in the trio, is typical of his reserved and noble temperament. The variety and amount of his work in chamber music are extraordinary, ranging as that work does all the way from the three lovely sonatas for violin and piano[3] to the great Piano Quintette, the Quintette for Clarinet and Strings, the two string Sextettes, and the Trio for Violin, Horn, and Piano. But even more remarkable are the dignity, profundity, and quiet charm of his thought and the supreme *finesse* of his workmanship. These have enabled him to raise chamber music to a new level of intensity, and to enrich an already rich field with inexhaustible beauty.

[2] It is interesting to note that there was given this summer in Pittsfield, in the Music Temple erected for the Pittsfield Festivals, a series of eight concerts devoted solely to the entire twenty-four chamber music works of Brahms.

[3] The Violin Sonata in G Major is particularly fitted to serve as an introduction to Brahms, it is so simple, melodious, and fluent.

Illustrative Records and Rolls

For those of our readers who have been interested in Mr. Mason's articles on music, the last of which appears in this issue, we are printing below a list of phonographic records and player piano rolls which not only illustrate the various points brought out by Mr. Mason, but constitute a collection of interesting musical compositions of highest rank. The dates in parentheses indicate the issues of The Outlook in which the several articles appeared. We are indebted for the compilation of this list to Mr. William Arms Fisher, of the Oliver Ditson Company of Boston.—The Editors.

Records: V—Victor. B—Brunswick. C—Columbia. E—Edison.
Rolls: A—Ampico. D—Duo-Art. M—Melodee. Q—QRS. W—Welte-Mignon.

Folk-Songs (August 20)

Far and High the Cranes Give Cry (Hungarian)—V.
Volga Boatmen's Song—C, E, V; A, D, M, W.
The Marseillaise—C, V; A, D, M.
Tchaikowsky, *Symphonie Pathétique* (2d movement)—C, V; A, M.
American: Deep River—E, C, V; A, M.
Navajo Songs (American-Indian)—V.
English: Barbara Allen—V.
Shepherd's Hey—A, M.
French: Duke of Marlborough—V.
German: How Can I Leave Thee—V.
Irish: Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom—V; A, M.
Molly on the Shore—V, C; A, W.
Italian: Tarantella Napolitana—V.
Scotch: Weel May the Keel Row—V.
Swedish: When I Was Seventeen—V.
Welsh: All Through the Night—V.

Art Songs (September 3)

Barbara Allen—V.
Brahms: Sapphic Ode—B.
Schubert: By the sea (*Am Meer*)—A, W.
The Erlking—C, E, V; A, D, W.
Gretchen at the spinning wheel—D.
Hark! hark! the lark—B, C, V; A, D, W.
My peace thou art (*Du bist die Ruh*)—V; A, D, W.
The Wanderer—C, E; A, W.
Who is Sylvia?—E, V; A.
Schumann: Lotus flower (*Die Lotusblume*)—V; D.
Brahms: Deine blaues Auge—V.
Franz: The rose (*Es hat die Rose*)—V.
Franck: La Procession—V.
Grieg: First primrose *and* Greeting—V.
Massenet: Twilight (*Crépuscule*)—V.
Mendelssohn: On wings of song—E, V; A, D, M, Q.
Rachmaninoff: When night descends—V.
Schubert: The Linden tree (*Der Lindenbaum*)—V.
Serenade—E, V; A, D, M, Q.
Schumann: Dedication (*Widmung*)—V; A, D, W.
Moonlight (*Mondnacht*)—V.
Strauss: All Souls' Day (*Allerseelen*)—V; A.
Morning—V.
Wolf: To rest, to rest (*Zur ruh, zur ruh!*)—V.

Opera (September 17)

Palestrina: Populo meus—V.
Peri: Funeste piaggie from *Euridice*—V.
Verdi: Stride la vampa from *Trovatore*—B, C, E, V.
Weber: Overture to *Der Freischütz*—V; A, D, M, Q.
Wagner: Fire Music from *Die Walküre*—B, V; A, D, M.
Good Friday Spell from *Parsifal*—V.
Love Death (*Liebestod*) from *Tristan*—C, E, V; A, D, W.
Ride of the Valkyries from *Die Walküre*—C, E, V; A, D.
Siegmund's Love Song from *Die Walküre*—B, C, V; A, W.
Overture to *Lohengrin*—C; D.
Overture to *Tannhäuser*—E, V; A, D.
Overture to *Die Meistersinger*—V; D.
Prelude to *Tristan*—E, V; A, D.
Prelude to *Parsifal*—A.
Handel—*The Messiah:* Hallelujah chorus—C, E, V; A, W.
He shall feed His flock—E, V, B.
Comfort ye my people *and* Every valley shall be exalted—E, V.
I know that my redeemer liveth—E, V.
Handel—*The Creation:* The heavens are telling—V.
With verdure clad—E, V.
Mendelssohn—*Elijah:* Hear ye, Israel—V.
If with all your hearts—E, V, B.
It is enough—E, V; D.
Lord, God of Abraham—V.
O rest in the Lord—E, V, B; D.
Then shall the righteous shine forth—V, B.
Mendelssohn—*St. Paul:* Be thou faithful unto death—V.
But the Lord is mindful of His own—E, V.
O God have mercy—E.
Lassus: Mon cœur se recommende—V.
Palestrina: Gloria patri—V.
Laudate—V.
Caccini: Non piango e non sospiro from *Euridice*—V.
Gluck: Che faro senza Euridice from *Orfeo ed Euridice*—C, E, V, B.
Monteverde: Ecco purch' a voi ritorno from *Orfeo*—V.
Tu se' morta from *Orfeo*—V.
Verdi: Credo from *Otello*—E, V, B.
Death of Othello (*Morte d'Othello*)—C, E, V.
Ave Maria, from *Otello*—E, V.

Piano (October 1)

Scarlatti, D. (1685-1757): Sonata—D.
Sarabande—D.
Mozart (1756-1791: Sonata in *C-major*—D.
Chopin (1804-1849): Butterfly etude, Op. 25, No. 9—B, V; A, D, M, W.
Etude in *C-minor*, Op. 25, No. 12—A.
Etude in A♭, Op. 10, No. 10—A, M.
Prelude in A♭, Op. 28, No. 17—M.
Prelude in B♭, Op. 28, No. 21—A, W.
Mendelssohn (1809-1847)—Songs Without Words: No. 9, Consolation—C, V; A.
No. 18, Duetto—A, D, M.
No. 25, May Breeze—W.
No. 30, Spring Song—B, C, V; A, D, M.
No. 34, Spinning Song—C, E, V; A, D, M.
Schumann (1810-1856): Prophet Bird (*Vogel als Prophet*)—V; A, D, M, W.
Romance in F♯—A, D, M, W.
Soaring (*Aufschwung*)—A, D, M, W.
Why? (*Warum?*)—D, M, W.
Brahms (1833-1897): Rhapsody, Op. 79, No. 2—A, D, M, W.
Grieg (1843-1907)—Lyric Pieces:
Album Leaf (*Albumblatt*)—A.
Butterfly (*Papillons*)—C, E, V; A, D.
Cradle Song (*Berceuse*)—A.
Nocturne—V; A, D, W.
To Spring—C, V; A, D.
Scriabine (1872-1915): Poéme, Op. 71, No. 2—A, D.
Scarlatti, A. (1659-1725): Capriccio (*Tausig transc.*)—A.
Pastorale (*Tausig transc.*)—E, V; A, W.
Pastorale and Capriccio—B.
Couperin, F. (1668-1733): Aubade Provincale—V.
Chanson Louis XIII at Pavane—V.
Sarabande—D.
Rameau (1683-1764): Rigaudon—D.
Musette—D.
Tambourin—A, W.
Scarlatti, D. (1685-1757): Air from Toccato II—D.
The Cats Fugue—D.
Bach, J. S. (1685-1750): Bourrée—A, W.
Two-part Inventions, Nos. 1, 6 and 8—D.
Gavotte in *B-minor* (*Saint Saëns*)—V; A.
Gavotte in *G-minor*—A.
Prelude and Fugue in *D*, Book 1, No. 5—D.
Fugue in *C-minor*, Book 1, No. 2—D.
Gavotte in *E*—V.
Gavottes Nos. 1 and 2 from Suite in *D*—V.
Handel (1685-1759): Harmonious blacksmith—V.
Gluck (1714-1787): Gavotte—V.
Mozart (1756-1791): Fantasia, No. 1—D.
Fantasia, No. 23—A.
Pastoral Variations—A.
Sonata No. 9 in *A-major*, Part 1—W.
Theme and Variations—E.
Chopin (1804-1849): Ballade in A♭, Op. 47—B, V; A, D, M, W.
Berceuse in D♭, Op. 57—C, V; A, D, M.
Etude in G♭, Op. 25, No. 9—V; A, D, M.
Etude in G♭, Op. 10, No. 5—V; A.
Fantaisie Impromptu—C, E; A, D, M.
Impromptu in A♭, Op. 29—B; D.
Impromptu in F♯, Op. 36—A.
Mazurka in *A-minor*, Op. 67, No. 4—B, E, V; A.
Mazurka in *D*—V.
Nocturne in D♭, Op. 27, No. 2—B, V; A, D.
Nocturne in E♭, Op. 9, No. 2—B, C, V; A, D, M.
Nocturne in *E-minor*, Op. 72, No. 1—C; A, D.
Nocturne in *F*, Op. 15, No. 1—V; W.
Polonaise in A♭, Op. 53—B, C; A, D, M.
Polonaise Militaire—B, C, V; D, M.
Prelude in A♭, Op. 28, No. 17—C; D, M.
Prelude in D♭, Op. 28, No. 15—A, D, M, W.
Prelude in *D-minor*—V.
Scherzo in *B-minor*, Op. 20—B; D, M.
Scherzo in B♭-*minor*, Op. 31—D. M.
Waltz in C♯-*minor*, Op. 64, No. 2—B, E, V; A.
Waltz in A♭, Op. 42—A, D, M, Q, W.
Waltz in A♭, Op. 64, No. 3—C, E; A.

(*Continued on page 296*)

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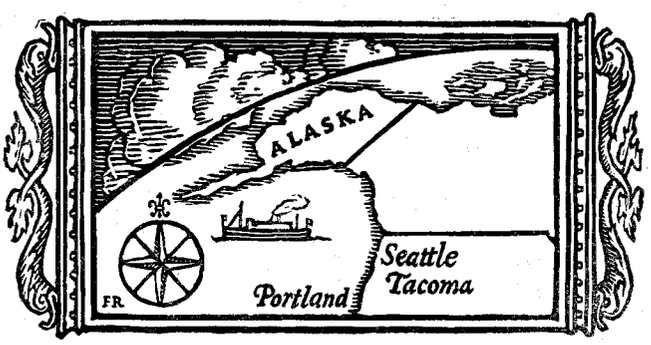

THE PATH OF ALASKA'S BILLION

"Everything," says a resident of many years, "is true about Alaska." True or untrue, depending upon of which part of Alaska you happen to be speaking.

Notably true are the words of Roosevelt in 1902: "No country has a more valuable possession in mineral wealth, in fisheries, furs and forests."

Notably *untrue* is the prevailing impression that Alaska is a desolate land of ice and snow.

Identical in latitude with the prosperous nations of Norway and Sweden, Alaska has a hundred thousand square miles suitable to a high type of agriculture.

It contains 20 million acres of merchantable timber.

Its resources in gold and other metals cannot be estimated.

Its coal resources are put by the United States Geological Survey at a minimum of 150 billion tons.

Oil of high quality has been discovered at widely separated points—what this discovery will bring forth, no one yet knows.

Alaska's fisheries produce from 40 to 50 million dollars a year.

Its first important railroad has just been completed. The development of Alaska's tremendous resources has just begun!

Yet, already, Alaska carries on a trade with the United States amounting to 80 million dollars a year.

Already, Alaska's exports come to a total of over a billion dollars!

Quite naturally, most of this billion has gone into the United States.

Quite naturally, too, its largest part has gone into the United States by way of the Pacific Northwest ports!

For the Pacific Northwest ports are the very door to Alaska. And Alaska's growing commerce constitutes an important factor in their own growth.

Alaska's billion is a bare beginning. Alaska has many billions more to ship in raw materials alone. It will require billions in return.

But Alaska's billion has definitely marked the path which the billions that follow it will take—through the ports of Washington and Oregon.

The new commerce of which the Pacific Northwest is the center has yet this other direction of expansion, inestimable in its significance!

Three great developments converge in the Pacific Northwest—that of increasing trade with the Orient, where three-quarters of the world's people are awakening to a recognition of new wants—that of the Pacific Northwest itself, the region offering today the greatest possibility of growth and development of any in the United States—and that of Alaska.

Here is opportunity for the forward-looking elements of American industry! That they may appreciate the full significance of this opportunity, American business men should see both the Pacific Northwest and Alaska.

Cut out a map of Alaska with the Aleutian Islands, and place it over a map of the United States drawn to the same scale. It will cover one-fifth of the larger map. It will reach the Canadian border at Minnesota, the Mexican border at Texas, the Atlantic Ocean at South Carolina, and the Pacific at California!

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LISZT (1811-1886): Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—B, C, V; A, D, M, Q.
Liebestraum (Nocturne No. 3)—B, C, E, V; A, D, Q, W.
Soirees de Vienne, No. 6—B; A, D, M.
Venezia e Napoli—B, C; Q.
RUBINSTEIN (1830-1894): Kamennoi Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22—B, V; A, D, M, Q.
Valse Caprice—C; A, Q.
BRAHMS (1833-1899): Capriccio in *B-minor*, Op. 76, No. 2—A.
Hungarian Dances (various)—A, D, M, Q.
Waltzes, Op. 39 (selections)—A, D.
DEBUSSY (1862-1918): Clair de lune—A, D, M.
La Fille aux cheveux de lin—V; D, M.
Ménestrels—V.
Golliwog's Cakewalk—A.
Reflets dans d'Eau—A, D, M.
SCRIABINE (1872-1915): Etude, Op. 8, No. 12—D.
Mazurka in *F♯-minor*, Op. 40, No. 2—W.
Nocturne (for left hand)—A.
Preludes, Op. 45, No. 3 and Op. 51, No. 3—D.
RAVEL (1875—): Jeux d'Eau—A, D, M.
Sonatines, Nos. 1 and 2—W.

Chamber Music (October 22)

HAYDN (1732-1809): Op. 64, No. 5, Quartet in *D* (*Allegro moderato*)—C.
Op. 64, No. 5, Quartet in *D* (*Adagio cantabile*)—E, V.
BEETHOVEN (1770-1827): Op. 97, Trio, in *B♭*—D.
Op. 18, No. 1, Quartet, in *F*—C, V; D, M.
Op. 18, No. 2, Quartet, in *G*—C.
Op. 18, No. 3, Quartet, in *D* (*Presto*)—V.
Op. 18, No. 4, Quartet, in *C-minor*—C, V.
Op. 18, No. 5, Quartet, in *A*—V; M.
Op. 18, No. 6, Quartet, in *B♭*—M.
Op. 59, No. 1, Quartet, in *F*—M.
Op. 59, No. 2, Quartet, in *C* (*Fugue*)—V.
Op. 132, No. 3, Quartet, in *A-minor* (*Adagio in The Lydian Mode*)—C.
SCHUMANN (1810-1856):
Op. 44, Quintet, in *E♭*—D.
DVORÁK (1841-1904): Op. 81, Quintet, in *A*—C.
HAYDN (1732-1809): Op. 17, No. 2, Quartet, in *F*—D.
Op. 77, No. 1, Quartet, in *G*—M.
Op. 78, No. 2, Trio, in *G-minor*—D.
MOZART (1756-1791): Quartet No. 12, in *G*, (*Finale*)—V.
Quartet No. 13, in *D-minor*—C, V.
Quartet No. 14, in *E♭* (*Minuet*)—V.
Quartet No. 14, in *E♭* (Complete)—C.
Quartet No. 15, in *B♭* (Complete)—C.
Quartet No. 18, in *D-major*—V.
SCHUBERT (1797-1828): Quartet, in *D-minor*—D.
MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847): Op. 12, Quartet, in *E♭*—D.
Op. 49, Trio, in *D-minor*—D.
SCHUMANN (1810-1856): Op. 41, No. 1, Quartet, in *A-minor*—V.
Op. 41, No. 3, Quartet, in *A-major*—V.
TCHAIKOWSKY (1840-1893): Op. 11, Quartet, in *D-major* (*Andante cantabile*)—V; A, D.
Op. 30, No. 3, Quartet, in *E♭-minor* (*Scherzo*)—V.
DVORÁK (1841-1904): Op. 96, Quartet, in *F*—D.
ARENSKY (1861-1906): Op. 32, Trio, in *D-minor*—D.

The Book Table

An Immortal of To-Day and To-Morrow

A Review by ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAULT, better known to the world as Anatole France, who died October 12 in his eighty-first year, is one of the immortals of to-day, and will be one of the immortals of to-morrow. He is the most conspicuous figure in French literature of to-day, and more than that. Novelist, critic, historian, philosopher by turn, he has brought to everything that he has touched the charm of a unique personality, the rich fruits of a rare erudition, the magic of a flawless style. What Jules Lemaître wrote years ago of "Le Lys Rouge" applies equally to all of his writings: "His style is a composition more precious than Corinthian bronze. There is blended in it something of Racine, of Voltaire, of Flaubert, of Renan, yet it always remains Anatole France. He has achieved the perfection of grace; he is the final flowering of the Latin genius."

Yet with this heritage from the ages the direct inspiration of the work of Anatole France, as Mr. May points out in his critical biography,[1] has been the particular quarter of Paris in which he was born, the region of the quays that line the southern bank of the river Seine. The *rive gauche*, which Lamb called the "borough side" of Paris, was France's Alma Mater, the Latin Quarter his common room. He was born in a house on the Quai Malaquais, a house that was long ago pulled down, but which lives for readers as the house of which he drew so beautiful and touching a picture in "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." In "My Friend's Book" he has told of the room in which he used to sleep in his infancy, and of the terrors which beset him there. "No sooner had I lain down than the strangest individuals began to move in procession about me. They had noses like storks' bills, bristling mustaches, protuberant bellies, and legs like chanticleer's. They came in, one after another, showing themselves in profile, each with a single goggle eye in the middle of his cheek, bearing brooms, skewers, guitars, squirts, and other instruments that I knew not. . . . I never went to sleep." And then the room would be flooded with sunlight and all the weird folk vanished.

With boyhood, still the molding influence of the Paris quays. In a shop on the Quai Voltaire his father carried on the business of a bookseller, and there came some of the greatest writers of the day. The boy was attending the Collège Stanislas, but his real education was derived from listening to the discussions in the book-shop, from poring over the second-hand volumes littering the stalls lining the quays, and from the stones of Paris, wherein he read his history. He has written: "I took my walks along those quays whose very stones, from the Palais Bourbon to Notre Dame, are eloquent of the story of one of the most glorious adventures of the human spirit, the story of the France that was and of the France that is to-day. There stands the Louvre glittering like a jewel, there the Pont Neuf. . . . The whole genius of France has passed in long succession over those venerable arches whose carven faces, some wreathed in smiles, some grim and forbidding, seem to symbolize the suffering and the glory, the hopes and the fears, the loves and the hates, of which they have been the silent witnesses through the centuries."

Boyhood and the period of what Mr. May calls the "éducation sentimentale" passed, Anatole France—incidentally the *nom de guerre* was derived from an abbreviation of his father's first Christian name, François—turned to literature. Like most young French writers, he had his *cénacles*. First there was the group which met one evening a week in a house in the Rue de Condé to talk about literature in general and poetry in particular. Of that group Sully-Prudhomme, Paul Bourget, and José Maria de Heredia all preceded Anatole France into the French Academy. Then he became one of the Parnassians, that strange group which in the late 1860's met for heated debate over the shop of the publisher and bookseller Lemerre. The practical problem of earning a livelihood France met by helping to build Larousse's mighty Dictionary, by serving Lemerre as a publisher's reader, and by contributing to a cookery book.

The period of apprenticeship, during which he published some volumes of literary criticism and two volumes of verse, came to an end in 1881, when Anatole France was in his thirty-eighth year. Then appeared "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," which first brought his name definitely before the public, and which was crowned by the Academy. In nearly all of his novels France has sounded the personal note. He himself in some disguise is the protagonist. Thus the Sylvestre Bonnard of the story which is the

[1] Anatole France: The Man and His Work. An Essay in Critical Biography. By James Lewis May. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

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most widely read of all his books is an imaginary portrait of the author as an old man, drawn by himself in early manhood; a picture of himself as he was fain to be when his labors in the field of scholarship and the passage of the years should have brought him a sufficient competence, wisdom, the respect of his colleagues, academic honors, and a European reputation for learning.

It is the same with the three sequels to "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard"—"Pierre Nozière," "Little Pierre," and "The Bloom of Life." Mr. May tells us that it was from these books that he has drawn largely for the account given of Anatole France's childhood and adolescence. "I have done so with the greater confidence in that I have Monsieur France's assurance that the incidents that I have selected are true in substance and in fact. From the dedication to 'My Friend's Book' it will be seen that he was already married. He did, in fact, wed, in the early eighties, the grandniece of Jean Guérin, the miniaturist of Marie Antoinette. . . . Some of the most subtly delicate pages of 'My Friend's Book' are inspired by his observation of the ways and antics of his baby daughter." That baby, Suzanne, the only child of the marriage, was twice married, first to Capitaine Mollins, and secondly to Michel Psichari, a grandson of Ernest Renan. Michel Psichari died the death of a hero in the Great War. His widow did not long survive him.

Mr. May suggests that "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" was written to please the public; that it was a conscious and successful bid for popularity. "Thais," which appeared in 1890, on the other hand, Anatole France wrote to please himself, "to please the poet, the artist, the philosopher, the voluptuary that was within him." To that epic of the eternal struggle between the spirit and the senses France brought not only his enormous erudition, but also the insight of the poet. Sleepers were awakened from their centuries of slumber; recreated were the scenes amid which they lived. "Sensuous, musical with the sound of lyres and flutes, sweet with the perfume of roses, lit with the glow of imperishable dawns, such is the setting of the stage on which the anchorite of the desert and the courtesan of Alexandria enact their tragic parts."

One conspicuous aspect of this many-sided immortal has been his superb style, a style which recognizes no synonyms, which knows that no word exactly replaces another, which is keenly sensitive to the most delicate shades of meaning. Whence did Anatole France derive his style? Is it original, innate, or is it imi-

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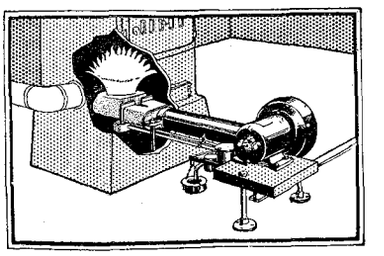

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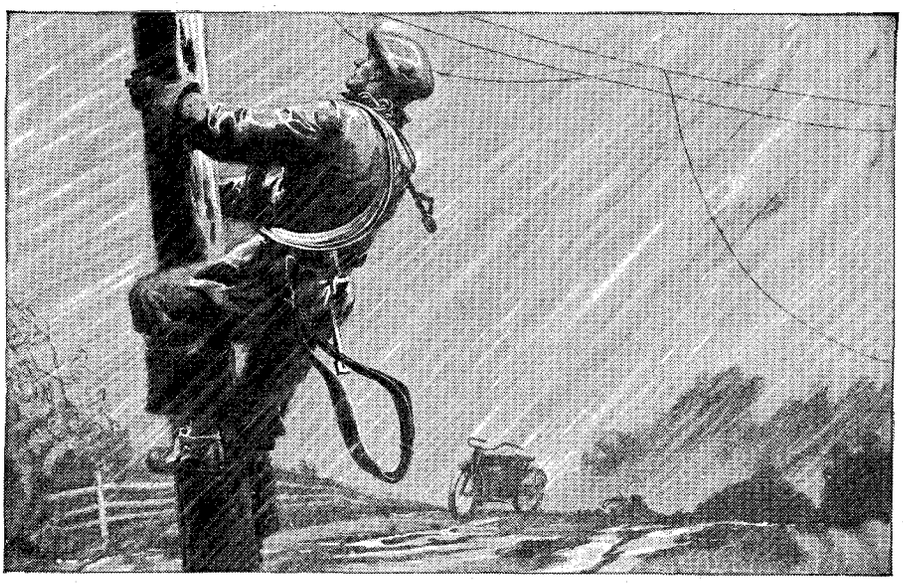

Keeping the Telephone Alive

Americans have learned to depend on the telephone, in fair weather or in foul, for the usual affairs of the day or for the dire emergency in the dead of night. Its continuous service is taken as a matter of course.

The marvel of it is that the millions of thread-like wires are kept alive and ready to vibrate at one's slightest breath. A few drops of water in a cable, a faulty connection in the wire maze of a switchboard, a violent sleet, rain or wind storm or the mere falling of a branch will often jeopardize the service.

Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact. The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trodden trails of the wilderness.

Providing telephone service for this great nation is a huge undertaking. To keep this vast mechanism always electrically alive and dependable is the unending task of tens of thousands of skillful men and women in every state in the Union.

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tative, and if the latter, who are his models? Some have suggested Bossuet; others Fénelon, Renan, Voltaire. "Well," says Mr. May, "I suppose we are all imitators to a certain extent. Newman, for example, took Cicero for his model; yet he is still Newman. Stevenson had many masters; he confesses to playing the sedulous ape. Anatole France may have had as many or more, but his is still, and pre-eminently, Anatole France."

The New Books

FICTION

AVALANCHE (THE). By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

When one learns that Dr. Dorr, the leading character of this novel, is a neurologist with a leaning to mysticism, fear arises in the reader's mind that he is to encounter too much neurology and too little life and character. The reverse is the case, for the early neurotic chapters, so to call them, have real interest, while the love history of Dorothea, Dr. Dorr, and his rival, the stolid but capable newspaper owner, fail to make one care much one way or the other.

HOUSE OF THE ARROW (THE). By A. E. W. Mason. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

One knows beforehand that the author of "The Four Feathers" and "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" will give his reader good measure of plot and incident well put together by an author who writes as one expects an Oxford man to write and who is not a mere mystery-making mechanic. Here the mystery is complicated but intriguing, in the true sense of that now abused word.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BOOK OF SAINTS FOR THE YOUNG (A). Depicted by the Great Masters. By Lucy Menzies. The Medici Society, Boston.

One wonders whether the author's statement, "St. George is really a mythical figure," would not apply to many others among the saints described here, at least as far as the tales about them are concerned. Nevertheless this book, with its succinct accounts of the lives of the saints, will make good reading for American children, inconoclastic as many of them are in their attitude toward things religious. And always there are the beautiful pictures, beautifully reproduced, to admire, whatever one may decide as to the credibility of the stories about some of the heroes and heroines.

MISCELLANEOUS

MERCHANT'S HORIZON (A). By A. Lincoln Filene. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

This book gives the essential details about what may be called the classical

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experiment of co-operation between employers and employees which the house of Filene, of Boston, has been conducting these many years past. An interesting, instructive, and encouraging story, lucidly told.

Notes on New Books

THE BUSINESS MAN'S EVER-READY ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF GENERAL BUSINESS AND LEGAL FORMS. By Clarence F. Birdseye. Baker, Voorhis & Co., New York. $15.

Based on Abbott's "The Clerks' and Conveyancers' Assistant." A work of over two thousand pages.

GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA. By William M. Sloane. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Summary of the author's observations in Morocco and Algiers.

THE WORLD'S BEST CONUNDRUMS. By J. Gilchrist Lawson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A large collection of conundrums alphabetically arranged by subjects.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF ST. HELENA. Translated by Willard Parker. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A work purporting to be an autobiography of Napoleon I.

SIXTY YEARS OF AMERICAN HUMOR. Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

Well-selected examples of American humor from Artemus Ward to Robert C. Benchley. The compiler has omitted the too-familiar and conventional stories and sketches, and has shown originality of choice.

THE STORY OF MY HEART. By Richard Jefferies. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

Jefferies' famous work in a new edition. Illustrated with woodcuts by Ethelbert White.

THE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS. Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A Christmas anthology in a new edition.

SEMI-ATTACHED. By Anne Parrish. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A comedy of love and marriage.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS. By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Professor of Municipal Government at Harvard University writes on reformers, bosses, and leaders; what they do, and how they do it.

THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN. By Gilbert Collins. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

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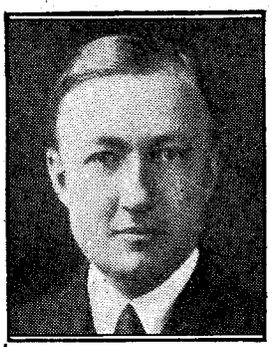
THE AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN'S HANDBOOK. By A. Frederick Collins. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

A book for the boy or man who wants to make electrical apparatus.



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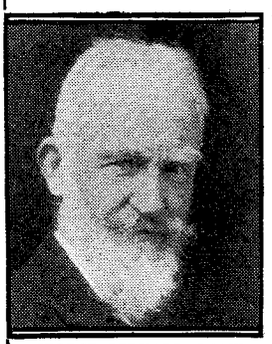

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THE HISTORY OF RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Henry K. Rowe. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

By the Professor of Social Science and History in the Newton Theological Institution.

ANGKOR THE MAGNIFICENT. By Helen Churchill Candee. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $5.

Description of the architectural wonders of Indo-China.

WAVES OF DESTINY. By Margaret Pedler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A new novel by the author of "The Barbarian Lover."

YOUTH WINS. By Muriel Hine. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The author's "Spell of Siris" was pleasingly romantic. This French watering-place novel is commonplace.

A PILGRIMAGE. By Johan Bojer. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

Power of a somber kind pervades this tale by a recognized master of Norwegian fiction.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER. By Compton Mackenzie. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

The last of the trilogy that describes Mark Lidderdale's spiritual doubts, which follow rather closely Newman's course, and land Mark, like his famous prototype, in the Roman Catholic faith.

DAVID BLAIZE OF KING'S. By E. F. Benson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

The charm of David as a child made Mr. Benson's first story about him delightful. There is charm still left in David the undergraduate, but his college life is described in a breathless and inchoate fashion.

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Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Light on a Bank Failure

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

OUR article "How to Read a Bank Report," published in the July 23 issue, was just in time to be of acute interest to the unfortunate customers of the First National Bank of Putnam, Connecticut, news of the ruin of which is doubtless familiar to our readers. Davis Strong, of Pomfret, Connecticut, writes us:

"An article on the responsibilities of stockholders, directors, and officers in National banks would, just at this moment, be timely and include bank examiners. Because Federal [*i. e., National?*] banks are under supervision of the Government, the impression prevails that our Government guarantees the depositors against loss from any cause. The failure of the National Bank of Putnam, caused by G. Harold Gilpatric, cashier, shows how useless our present banking laws are. . . . The directors of the bank allowed the cashier to run them and all the bank's affairs, and last, but not least, the Federal bank

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examiners never made known the acts of the cashier until, according to reports, $700,000 of the bank's money had been stolen. Bank notes issued by National banks are secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States of America, but the depositors have no guaranty that their funds will be accessible when wanted.

"The word 'National' seems to convey the impression that the United States is back of every 'National bank,' and consequently the depositors are guaranteed against loss.

"Turn on the light in the interest of the women."

Space at this time forbids an extended discussion either of the Putnam bank case or of the intricate and important subject which Mr. Strong brings up. We would like, however, to say this, and to say it emphatically: Sound banking in this country exists, despite inadequacies of laws, occasional inadequacy of administration, carelessness of bank directors, dishonesty of bank employees, and the ignorance of bank depositors as to just what their bank is, how it functions, and what are its safeguards. There is, of course, no excuse for such a wrecking as occurred in Putnam. There appears to have been clever work on the part of one man and gross carelessness on the part of several whose duty it was to see that the books were straight and that the money was really there. We gather that in this instance entirely too much authority was lodged in the hands of one man and that this man was not audited—except by himself.

Among those who will pay for this disaster are the stockholders of the bank, liable for one hundred per cent of their investment. It is pleasant to be the owner of bank stock, but there is also a grave responsibility. In many banks the stockholders deem it worth while to pay for an independent audit once a year, thus assuring themselves of the soundness of their institution and giving an additional check on their directors and officers.

From Inquiring Readers

One of our inquiring readers has anticipated an article planned for this department on joint-stock land bank bonds and Federal Land Bank bonds. We were unable, in the brief space of a letter, to answer him as fully as we would like, and the article will accordingly be written and appear in a forthcoming issue. There is a good deal of confusion in the public mind as to these securities, and we are glad that at least one subscriber to The Outlook has sufficient

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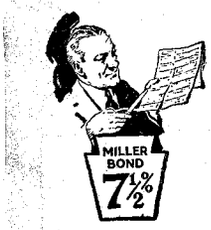

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There are definite reasons why Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by income-earning buildings in Florida cities, pay as high as 7½% interest, and why these bonds have never caused a dollar's loss to any investor in all the years of this firm's history. The reasons are given in our circular, "Why Florida Investments Pay Up To 7½%." You can obtain a free copy by mailing the coupon. *Mail it today.*

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respect for our opinion and his own pocket to call for information.

From Rhode Island comes this question: "Is 7½ per cent too high a rate of interest on a real estate bond? I have been told by bankers that 6 per cent is the highest safe rate of interest."

Safety in a real estate bond depends, in the first place, on the security and on the margin of value of the property over and above the amount of bonds issued. The only way to determine this is to investigate the issue in question.

In the North 6 per cent or, at most, 6½ is top notch. In the South interest rates are higher. Interest rates are governed by the law of supply and demand. If money is needed for a particular purpose and is hard to get, interest rates rise; if money is plentiful, they fall. A well-known public utility whose financial soundness is beyond question had recently to offer 8 per cent dividends on its capital stock—because there was no other way to secure funds for development. In this case an offer of 8 was as good as a promise to pay 8, and 8 it is to-day.

"What can you tell me about the common stock of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company?" asks a Connecticut reader of this department.

Our personal reply was too long to quote in full, but one phrase in it is worth passing on—not because it is ours, but because it is the cold opinion of one of the keenest analysts of securities in the country. It is this: "An investment tinged with speculation."

This doesn't mean to imply that this stock is a speculation tinged with investment. It must also be remembered that an investment is an investment, and that such a tinge, more often than not, is a good sign.

"The statements in this letter, while based on the best available information, are not guaranteed. We can take no responsibility for opinions expressed beyond offering them in good faith in the light of the facts at hand."

In red ink, these sentences appear on the letterheads of our financial department. They are printed there for a double purpose: to protect ourselves, and to protect our correspondents.

At best, giving information about investments is a difficult task. There are fakers in the business to lead the unwary astray. A banker we know says that he has never recommended the purchase of anything but a United States Government bond. Yet in his experience he has promoted the purchase of many other securities, some of which have "gone bad." He has, however, always clearly stated that he is not advising that this or that be bought; he is only giving facts, or what he believes to be facts, together with his own honest opinions. He wants his customers to make their own decisions and stand back of them.

This is The Outlook's position precisely.

"It will show you how to invest safely at 7%"

Now I get $70 a year
from every $1000 invested

"No more investment worries for me; I am putting my money in first mortgage real estate bonds backed by solid safety and protected by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House. Now I get $70.00 interest every year for each $1000 invested---and I get it promptly when due.

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Thirty thousand friendly, hospitable citizens of Tucson invite you to share with them the golden days, the flowers, the outdoor life—all the pleasures of this land where winter-springtime is just beginning.

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Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.
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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

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For Sale at Thousand Islands!
Finest property on southern shore of St. Lawrence River; mile water-front, excellent harbor, beautiful points. Also best business opportunity on entire St. Lawrence. Pays 10% on investment. John O'Leary, Clayton, N. Y.

FOR SALE at very low price, fine modern country home, all improvements, high elevation, beautiful view, near P. O. and State roads. Age of owner reason for sale. F. L. GREENE, Alfred, N. Y.

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New four-room and bath furnished bungalow with garage; conveniences. On Indian River, near Cocoa (east coast). For particulars address C. F. NORTON, Cocoa, Florida.

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FURNISHED Apartment for rent—New York City—421 West 121st St. (Columbia University). Sunny 5-room housekeeping apartment. Quiet surroundings. Walk-up house. To sublet. Yearly lease can be arranged. Moderate rental. Present tenant would consider offer for furniture. Address 2,759, Outlook.

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Ridgewood, N. J. Private family **can accommodate several guests.** Commuting distance 32 minutes Erie Central. 85 Woodside Ave. Telephone Ridgewood 125 M.

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ROCK BOTTOM prices now on "Century," "St. Nicholas," "American Golfer;" single subscriptions, any two, or all three. Investigate now, save money; information postpaid. Address Box 265, Oak Park, Ill. Mention Outlook.

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HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite C 5842, Washington, D. C.

COLLEGE graduate or person with equivalent training and good appearance to assist official of $3,000,000 private school. Good pay. Work will be at your home. Give all details regarding training and experience in first letter. Address W. A. Johns, Hudson, Ohio.

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WANTED — Refined Protestant woman, competent to instruct, good cook, to take full charge kitchen department. References. Davenport Home, Bath, N. Y.

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DIETITIAN wants position in small hospital or private institution. Excellent references. 5,539, Outlook.

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CAPABLE woman wishes position as manager and caterer. Fifteen years' experience in hotel and school. Best references. 5,524, Outlook.

ASSISTANT'S position in tea-room conducted by ladies. Practical insight into the business desired by lady of refinement. References exchanged. 5,531, Outlook.

WOMAN, graduate School of Household Arts, desires position. Experienced as manager tea room, city club, country club. New York and Cleveland references. 5,530, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION of responsibility—companion, chaperon, or care of motherless children. 5,498, Outlook.

WANTED—Lady wishes paying, responsible position in private family with servant. Household manager, companion, entire charge of intelligent children. First class position desired. Excellent references. Have traveled. 5,505, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by Southern woman as managing housekeeper in private family. Exceptional references. 5,532, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate wishes to spend the winter as traveling companion. 5,540, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman who is alone as companion, preferably with a lady who is alone. WILL travel. REFERENCES exchanged. 5,533, Outlook.

REFINED lady, companion to middle-aged or elderly lady. Would travel. References exchanged. 5,523, Outlook.

COMPANION-secretary. Young woman, excellent business training. Willing to travel. References exchanged. Address F. A., 675 Forest Ave., West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

COMPANION to lady. Present employers desire to secure position for a French gentlewoman in her forties, who is admirably fitted to be a companion in a refined household where her genuine worth and other sterling qualities would be appreciated. Speaks perfect French, also good English. Extraordinarily expert needlewoman, dressmaker, milliner. 5,528, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position; college preparation. 5,512, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED private school teacher, recently returned from Europe, wants tutoring position. Excellent references. Will travel. 5,538, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LITTLE THEATRE AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND ARTS. Leading N. Y. institution of high repute and long standing, ENTIRE BUILDING LITTLE THEATRE, recital hall and studios, elaborate furnishings, eight pianos and equipment; established high-class patronage; full enrollments; business $50,000 yearly; present owner's 25th year, desires to retire; will sell for $75,000, *half cash. Answer by letter only to owner's* representative, E. Coe, care 39 Flushing Place, Flushing, N. Y.

GREETING CARDS

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

BOARD AND ROOMS

LAKEWOOD, N. J. Christian family will take a few boarders. Home cooking. Terms reasonable. 5,536, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

TRAINED nurse, college graduate, will undertake the physical and mental care of a child in her Vermont home. 5,485, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANTED to adopt mother, daughter, sister or friend to be helpful and loyal to and to be both to me. Much money desirable but not necessary. Comfortable means and sense of humor indispensable. Pilgrim, 5,477, Outlook.

IDEAL New England home for little girl. $15 weekly. References exchanged. 5,522, Outlook.

SHAKESPEARE—HOW MANY QUESTIONS could you answer on Shakespeare? Play the game "A Study of Shakespeare." Instructive, original. Price 50 cents. THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, Camden, Me.

MULTIPLICATION TABLES in chatty letters. Dime for sample and prices. 5,535, Outlook.

WANTED—Permanent home in Connecticut for Jack 11. Must offer opportunities for good education. Fine personality, mentally gifted. 5,535, Outlook.

By the Way

THE late Major Robert W. Imbrie, who lost his life at the hands of a Persian mob, tells something of Turkish cookery in a posthumous article in the "National Geographic Magazine." It is, he says, "mysteriously complex. Most of the dishes are morbid, some only quaint. A Turkish meal stands not on the order of its coming. A meat follows a sweet; a vegetable follows a pasty, and then another sweet is liable to come trekking in with a soup.

"We dropped into a tiny restaurant," Major Imbrie says, "typical of all Turkish restaurants, which are among the worst in the world. Over individual charcoal fires rested several copper bowls. In these simmered and muttered the inevitable mutton, the fatal *pilaf* (rice cooked in tallow), and a kind of squash resembling saddle soap. Over the door was a sign which stated, in Arabic characters, "I do my utmost; the rest I leave to Allah."

Proverbs from a recently published collection called "Wayside-Sayings:"

Welsh: Have a horse of thine own, and thou may'st borrow another's.

French: He who has wood can make shavings.

German: We hang little thieves and take off our hats to great ones.

Scotch: Eaten meat is ill to pay.

Dutch: At the bottom of the bag one finds the bill.

The Talmud: Where there is no man, be thou the man.

Japanese: Live under your own hat.

Malagasy: Do not love me as a door; liked, but pushed to and fro.

From "Life:"

Children should be seen and not heard, unless they grow up into opera singers, when they should be heard and not seen.

"Mr. Wackford Squeers, the Yorkshire schoolmaster in 'Nicholas Nickleby' and one of Dickens's immortal characters, has undergone recently somewhat of a whitewashing at the hands of one of the most celebrated of British surgeons," says the New York "Medical Journal." "Sir Arbuthnot Lane . . . declared that Mr. Squeers was, so far as the early morning diet of the scholars was concerned, a benefactor to the youths under his charge." He "pointed out that probably the greatly pitied pupils of Dotheboys Hall owed long and happy lives to their morning dose of brimstone and treacle."

The "Journal" comments on the above: "No doubt the London surgeon intended to drive home the point that the sophisticated and largely artificial diet of civilization is not conducive to good digestion and good health. . . . Mr. Squeers, although Dickens did not intend that his writing should be so interpreted, was, in fact, cruel only to be kind, as it is undoubtedly true that a luxurious diet, the diet of present-day prosperous civilization, is not nearly so valuable physically and mentally as the simple coarse diet of a primitive people."

From "Liberty:"

"I gave my little nephew some candy. In a few minutes he returned and asked, 'Aunt Goldie, how many pieces of candy have you left?' I said, 'I don't know—why?' 'Well, I was just going to say that if you had only one piece I wouldn't take any."

In a large department store in New York City, on a floor which is frequented by employees at the noon hour, a sign on the wall reads:

IF YOU OBEYED OUR RULE, YOU WOULD NOT BE RUINING OUR FLOOR WITH YOUR GUM.

This speaks volumes as to the prevalence of the gum-chewing habit and the carelessness of those who discard the sugary mouthful when convenience demands the sacrifice.

The irrepressible conflict between motorists and pedestrians is not going altogether in favor of the former, as is indicated by the following advertisement in the Personal column of the London "Times:"

Motorists, Warning! Startling revelations. Statement made in open Court, during recent case, that "pedestrians are entitled to stop in middle of road to do up boot-lace." Surely it is time we had new laws. No wonder motorists are penalized!!

From the Detroit "News:"

Crabshaw—"How is it dinner is so late?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"I had to wait so long in the barber shop."

Speaking of conundrums, a subscriber says, here is one that has attained its majority:

—— is company; —— avoids company; —— calls company. The whole word entertains company.

An easier one:

My first puts on my second to keep off my third. The whole is the name of an island.

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